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A GOOD NIGHT.

BY ARABELLA M. DOUGLAS.

Good night!
All through the night, all through deep hours,
When stars climb up the blue and distant skies,
When low winds murmur to the sleeping trees,
When moonbeams on the waters lonely bathe,
Good night, unveiling thought,
Thy question, as I long to question thee,
Dost thou love me?

Good night!
Oh lips with love all warm and tender,
As eyes of mine have never looked upon,
As my remembrance peoples all the air
With kisses, life's only sweet surrender,
Quivering with passion's light
Will asking as I dare to question thee,
Dost thou love me?

Good night!
The light of stars may slowly wane,
The silver-footed hours melt into dawn;
But eyes that watch, count neither night nor morn;
Marveling if they may ask again—
Tearful and out of sight,
Ah, softly from the universe back to me,
Sweet, I love thee.

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."
—Shelley.

[This story was commenced in No. 49, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXV.
WORDS THAT BURN.

Sipes handed the Doctor a letter.

"Where did you get this, Mr. Sipes?"

"I'll tell you all about it. I'll give you a full account of my exploits after our parting yesterday. After I left you I went back to the office and finished some work. In the afternoon I returned to the hospital, and made arrangements immediately for the disposition of the janitor's body, and the place of burial, et cetera, et cetera—That's tip-top sherry, Doc. Well, after that, I went up to No. 60 Caspar street to the saloon kept by Tuyfel. It was the first time I had ever been there, and I had been intending to go for some time, for I wanted to get a general idea of how things stood in that place, after hearing Windthrin's story. So it was there I went, and there I found that letter."

"Found it?"

"Saw it there and secured it by a dodge of my own. Before you read the letter, let me tell you all about how it came into my possession. When I went into the saloon, it was at half past six and the place was pretty full. Tuyfel was there behind the bar and I soon got into conversation with him in my usual way, and while imbibing a couple of drinks of the teutonic beverages which cheers and does not inebriate, as tradition hath it, I cast my eyes upon the shelves back of the counter, upon which were arranged the usual glass fixtures and other paraphernalia of the thirst-quelling trade, and here I noticed leaning up against a cigar box a couple of letters. Going round to the edge of the bar under the false-color of procuring a morsel of salt herring and sausage lunch, wherewith the publican cheereth the weary beer absorber, from ten to one—and it is ten to one that you get away; I looked at the direction written upon these two letters and as I saw that one was addressed to one "Wilhelm Marks, 69 Casper street," and that the other, bearing no vestige of a stamp, was the one you have in your hand bearing the address written as you see it, in a hand which I would take to be a female's."

The Doctor looked at the superscription of the envelope and saw written in a very elegant though feminine hand, these words:

Gustave W. Lane, Esq.,
Care D. Wykoff, Esq.,
Attorney at Law,
18 Bellen street,
City.

"Now, Doctor, I see you look amazed. But amazed like a divination my coming upon that letter. In an instant I felt my heart give a jump, as soon as I saw the address on that letter, for what I was after was to discover what the mystic D. W. meant. Now I did not dream this was a clue. I only thought I'd leave no stone unturned to find a clue and resort to any stratagem, anything to find it. All's fair in war, you know. So I spoke to Tuyfel, 'what do you do with all those letters here, do you keep boarders?'

"'Nein,' answered Tuyfel with a German growl. "Dem letters ish for some peoples vat here comes. Dat makes all right, nist ist?'

"'Oh, I see?' I replied. "You expect somebody to call for them?'

"'Yaas! Dat ish so. I guess dat ish more ash an hour den dis feller comes, vat for dat letters leh ish been many days, leh de feller pay for here comes mit dat letters for dat feller vat leh yust unggungare.'

"'In plain English, Doc, he means to inform me that a fellow comes in for a letter which was not there, and that a little boy brought the letter in after that somebody had gone—he limited this letter as the sine qua question. This great course Teuton accomplishes to make any further communication, whereupon I sat down at one of the tables and kept watch for anybody who should come for the letter. I had waited there nearly an hour when a boy came in and after saying something to Tuyfel, that German pointed to the letter and the boy went behind the bar and took it. Now comes my part of the story. I was decently bold I confess, but I was desperate. I called the boy to me and said—"Bub, that letter's for Mr. Waller, isn't it?'

"'Yes, sir,' he answered.

"'Are you from Mr. Waller?'

"'No, sir. I'm from Mr. Wykoff's office. I'm an errand boy.'

"'Oh, I see, and this Mr. Waller is waiting in the office, is he?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Well?' said I, 'let me see that letter a minute, will you?'

"I can't,' he said, and he walked away. I got up and followed him till he got in the door, and then I made a grab at his hand to capture the letter. I tell you he was a game urchin. How he fought for it. At last I said:

"'Come, come; no use struggling, I must have this letter—tell him anything you please, I'll see you right. This is only a little joke, you see, I want to play on Mr. Waller. He's a friend of mine. I'll fix everything square.' Then I gave him a five cent piece.

"'But Mr. Wykoff knows there's a letter here,' said the boy.

"'No he doesn't, boy! No he doesn't! He and I understand one another. He's all right; in fact, I—Come sonny, no nonsense; go back to the office and tell them you have no letter.'

"But the boy wouldn't move. He insisted upon having his letter. So I told him to behave himself and I'd give him a letter, whereupon I pulled out my note book and wrote some nonsense in stenographic character and folded it up, addressing it similar to the letter and gave it to the boy.

"There, sonny, take that to Mr. Waller and it'll be all right." I confess I ought to have substituted my note for the letter on the shelf and not said a word to the boy about it, but it was too late then. So the boy went off with the hieroglyphic note I had written to mystify his master. It appears that he was not the boy who brought the missive. It was brought to the saloon by a telegraph messenger."

"But, Mr. Sipes!" exclaimed St. Jean—"are you aware that you have been guilty of a criminal offence in taking this letter?"

"I am aware of it, Doctor. But, as I said before, all's fair in war, and no detective ever yet stood on law or ceremony to accomplish his object and detect his criminal. The letter is to be restored to-morrow wrapped just as it is in its broken envelope in another envelope and sent to it's owner. I only wanted to get a clue at any risk."

"Well, it was a bold game to play," said the Doctor. "To merely select a letter because it bears a name having the initial D. W. is, in my opinion, a wild move, Mr. Sipes. You might get thousands of such letters at the Post Office."

"True," answered Hawkesworth, drinking his fourth glass of sherry, "but that's neither here nor there. The letter was found and it may be a clue. I don't say it is a clue, but it may be. It meant so to me. Now" putting the coincidence of Windthrin's mentioning a certain person in this very saloon, and a person too who was in the habit of frequenting this very saloon,—putting, I say, this fact and that of the letter having D. W. as its initials, I tell you I think there is something in it."

"So there is, Mr. Sipes. For I this very night discovered all about the card case."

"By jiminey, Doc, is that so?"

"The D. W. is really David Wykoff, attorney at law, Bellen street."

"Dash me, Doc! Can it be possible?"

"It is a fact, and probable. I found out all about it, and no doubt this letter will complete the clue."

"Read it, read it, Doc!"

St. Jean took the letter from the envelope and unfolding it read the following, indited in a beautiful character:

"My Beloved George:

"What will you say when I tell you that all hope of my escape with you seems desperate. My foes encircle me here, and I know not what to do. You will know it is I recognize my foes? By their behavior towards me. All here in the house are in league against me except Mrs. B. Mrs. B. does not suspect. Her friends do. Her friends are my enemies, and two of them are actual 'rollers' authorities,' as the Gazette says. Do you know Dr. St. Jean, of New York? Beware of him! He has some deep purpose in view, and I confess I am afraid of him. Can I not get away before the 20th? Please let me know; but do not, for God's sake, come near the house at present. Your last note gave me despair. I guessed as much. I shall go mad if I do not leave this dreadful place and seek other shores with you, my beloved. I must not think of what you have told me. Of course, I will see you here on the 19th, on the eve of the fete, and then you will see that woman whom fate has placed in my path to madden me with her face. Oh, God! my beloved George! It is so like—so like that it will madden you. I must leave here. My vanity and my self-gratifications to leave here next week? Say Wednesday. There is a steamer to start on that day. It would be such a relief to escape this nightmare house and all its haunting phantoms. When you write address your letters as usual here, in care of Mrs. B. God bless you."

The letter ended thus abruptly, without signature.

"Of course perceive," said Sipes, "that your name is made mention of in a singular way. The writer of the letter is a woman, and she knows you."

"I recognize all, Mr. Sipes," responded the Doctor. "This is indeed a clue, and although the letter is anonymous, I know too well who is the writer. It angers, annoys, astonishes me, Mr. Sipes."

"That allusion to the college authorities, eh, and the Gazette; that's rich, isn't it Doc? She evidently has had a finger in the pie."

"Yes, and the woman who wrote this is none other than Mrs. Tendrie, a personage living under this very roof."

"By Jiminey Doc!"

"Here then take the letter, put it back in its envelope and address it as you promised you would without delay. I have long suspected this woman as being an adventuress and I now think she is even worse than that. As for this George Waller I know nothing about him, but evidently this woman and he are 'birds of a feather.' This evening I overheard a revelation respecting that card wallet. This D. W. as we both know is David Wykoff, this woman's lawyer and a friend of her lover. Now we are only on the marge of the labyrinth. It has yet to be thoroughly explored. There is and has been a deep game played by this Tendrie woman if I am not greatly mistaken. Now the connection of D. W. with 60 Caspar street, makes it evident that there is circumstantial evidence of his relation with the body-smuggling affair and if this woman has had anything to do with that, that must yet be discovered. Yet I suspect her and will watch her as a ferret watches a rat."

"I tell you what Doc, this has been a pretty fair piece of work on our part, hasn't it? That letter hit the nail on the head didn't it?"

"Really, but you have done well Mr. Sipes. Exceeding well. It was a bold and desperate game. Take care lest this fellow doesn't find you out and get you in a scrape. Send the letter by a messenger at once."

"I'll send it by night. He stopped raising, I think, ha'nt it?"

"It appears so."

"Was that the woman you allude to, whom I saw in the parlor there? a very handsome woman indeed, I must say. She was sitting in the centre of the room."

"No, no; that was Miss Southgate."

"She is a beauty."

"You are right there, Mr. Sipes. She is a divinity and a mystery too. But you saw that woman sitting apart from the rest, a well-dressed stylish woman, with flowers in her hair, a very good-looking woman, too."

"Was that Mrs. Tendrie?"

"It was."

"I only caught a glimpse of her face as I came in, as the other beauty attracted me more; but I must say she's a handsome woman if that's Mrs Tendrie."

"Yes, she's handsome and refined and all that, but she's a serpent, Mr. Sipes, a veritable serpent."

"Well, I'll take another sip of sherry and then I'm off. I see it's clearing up!" He looked out of the window and poured himself out a large glass of wine.

"I have my gig here and so you can go down with me and Mr. Marvin?"

"Thanks, I'll accept."

"Do you know in the flurry of this confab I never thought of asking you to take off your coat! You must be drenched through and through."

"Oh! that's nothing. I'm all right now, Doc. But I carried a terrible lot of real estate in here on my bootie—look at the mud?"

"You must have had a nice walk here in the rain. How in the world did you find the place?"

"Easily enough — who was that?" he whispered, nodding his head in the direction of the window.

"I'll bet's see anybody?"

"I did, Doc. It was somebody who looked in the window and then passed down the veranda. It's the good woman of the house, I guess."

"Yes! You could bet like the very good woman of the house?" returned the Doctor with a smile at Sipes. "Come let us get out of this as fast as we can."

Then they both went into the parlor.

CHAPTER XXVI.
NEW COMPLICATIONS.

Eustace and Gertrude seemed to be in very earnest conversation when Sipes and the Doctor entered the room, and so deeply absorbed in each other's discourse as to be unaware of their entrance. The rest of the company had disappeared and the Doctor, not wishing to disturb the lovers, touched Sipes on the arm and they left the parlor again and turned towards the entry leading into the veranda. Here they encountered Mrs. Burdette.

"What in the world made you leave until you had something to eat, Mr. Sipes?" she asked.

"Thank you, madame; I had sufficient of your very excellent sherry to nourish me for some time to come."

"That won't do," she said. "Come back into the dining-room. You must excuse me for not seeing to you before. Why, it is too bad, too bad!"

"I beg you will not trouble yourself, madame!" said Sipes, "for I am going. I am late as it is, and I shall not get the train if I do not hurry."

"But you are nearly famished. You must be."

"Do I look as if I were, madam? Do I Doc?"

The Doctor said, "Oh, he'll last a little while yet, Mrs. Burdette."

"The servant shall put things in order in a second," she returned, "and you shall have something to eat. I will have my way. You see we were so busy talking about one thing and another in the parlor, and then there was rather an unpleasant and unfortunate circumstance occurred too, which not a little annoyed me."

"Ah! what was that?" ejaculated Sipes.

Mrs. Tendrie was displeased about something Annie Templeton did, and she began to scold her and make her cry. I must confess it was not like Mrs. Tendrie to act that way."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "what was it all about?"

"Oh! about the card-case and dear knows what. It worries me dreadfully. Come, I will not be troubled with something dainty for you, Mr. Sipes and Doctor, even if you are not hungry I know you will enjoy a bonne bouche now and then. What shall it be—a Welsh rabbit or a salad? Come, name."

"Let it be a Barmecide feast, Mrs. Burdette, so far as I am concerned, for I am not hungry, I assure you. Of course I only speak for myself."

"If you insist upon it, Mrs. Burdette," said Sipes, "I will accept such entertainment as consists of a biscuit and another glass of that same delicious and delicately delineated golden sherry, juice of the fat grapes kissed by the sun of Spain! Ah! Mrs. Burdette, that is wine."

"I'm glad you like it. You shall have plenty of it. It is very old, Mr. Burdette bought a quantity in England."

"I must give it a puff in the "Gazette," said Sipes. "It's transcendently superlative."

"I'm not fond of sherry," said the Doctor. "I'll try the claret,and if you will join us, Mrs. Burdette, we will make very merry over a soda biscuit."

"Very well, then, I'll join the festivity!" said Mrs. Burdette, as she entered the dining-room, followed by the others.

She touched a silver bell upon the table; a servant appeared.

Mrs. Burdette merely pointed to the table all set with a breakfast service of silver and fine China, upon a snow-white cloth, and the servant, understanding the gesture, answered, "Yes, ma'am," and disappeared to obey her mistress.

It was the custom here to serve a species of after dinner luncheon of cold dishes, at about nine o'clock in the evening, following the fashion in England, and the servant, obedient to the mere pantomime of the hostess, was fully cognizant of what was necessary to be supplied.

"I would call Mr. Mr. vin and Miss Southgate if I were not sure they were better engaged," said Mrs. Burdette. "I'm sure they're in love with each other. They're talking together so confidentially there in the parlor."

"Best not interrupt them," said the Doctor, "because I want to talk a little business with you. If you are willing, and Mr. Sipes being interested in this self-same business, is a necessary auditor."

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"Best not interrupt them," said the Doctor, "because I want to talk a little business with you. If you are willing, and Mr. Sipes being interested in this self-same business, is a necessary auditor."

"Well, I am sure I will accommodate you all I can, Doctor, and Mr. Sipes in the way of any information in my power. But what is it you wish of me? What in the name of goodness did you want me to talk to Annie Templeton about the card case, for? You have no idea how the girl was troubled about it."

"That's the very thing we want to talk to you about. But I'm afraid we haven't time. The last train goes soon, at eleven I believe, and Mr. Sipes will be left if he doesn't start soon."

"Your correct there, Doc. I must be in town to-night by all means."

"Well, we had better start now. I'll a you a plain question, Mrs. Burdette, and that question is, what is Mr. Wykoff?"

"A widow!" replied the hostess, "like myself, and an heiress."

"Did you know her husband?"

"No. I met her at Cape May some time ago, and there I formed her acquaintance."

"Don't you know anything about her—her connections, family, friends?"

"No, indeed, Doctor. All I know of her is that she is a very fine lady—a lady of excellent accomplishments too."

"Yes, but you surely did not take her on the strength of her appearance?"

"All she told me I believed. She told me she was a widow. That her husband had been a very wealthy merchant in China—that she was not well acquainted here, but that in New York she knew very well indeed. I liked her from the first. There is a fascination about her?"

The Doctor laughed and glanced at Sipes significantly. "She's a very clever woman Mrs. Burdette, to form your acquaintance and mix in your society as the beautiful unknown, for I cannot see that you really were wise to admit her unless she took her precedence."

"Bless me," exclaimed Mrs. Burdette, "how can you talk so, Doctor; you really do not mean it I am sure."

"I do mean it. You say she is a widow and an heiress, I say she is an adventuress. Now who is that Miss Templeton?"

"She is a sort of maid to Mrs. Tendrie, as far as I can understand it, Doctor, and you know my understanding is not deep in such affairs as you hinted just now. I'm not crafty enough I suppose."

"Is this Templeton girl any relation to her?"

"Oh no! That is so far as I can judge or learn."

The servant entered at this moment with an array of dishes, placed them on the table and returned.

"There now, Doctor, hope you and your friend Mr. Sipes will find the chicken agreeable to your tastes with the French sauces."

"This is superlative!" said the Doctor.

"No, it is pate de fois gras," said Sipes. You have deceived us, madam. We asked for a stone, and you gave us bread. Call you this cold chicken? It is starling pie, methinks," he added, as he spread a slice of bread with some of that luxury.

"Well, I thought it would be good with sherry, and cold chicken is a matter of fact you know."

"Oh, this is aesthetically exquisite after the golden prelibation," said Sipes, eating with very evident pleasure.

"Now to business," said the Doctor, touching his lips to a glass of claret. "Is this Annie Templeton related to Mrs. Lonance?"

"Not that I know of."

"Who is Mrs. Lonance?"

"That I cannot tell you, Doctor."

"Why, don't you know your friends."

"I'll tell you how it happened that I came to hear of Mrs. Lonance. Mrs. Tendrie came to me and told me of a case of distress she said she had encountered in the course of her charitable visits to the poor, for you must know Mrs. Tendrie is a very charitable and good-hearted woman. Well, she came across this Mrs. Lorance, who was very ill and very low. The husband had died a week before and there she was left with two children, in her dependence on charity. Soft Mrs. Tendrie asked me if I wouldn't take the children for a short time, of course I consented."

"And Mrs. Lonance, where is she, where does she live?"

"Mrs. Tendie did not tell me, nor did I ask her any more, I took the children and kept them until they left for the "Home," thirty miles from here."

"So, so, you never saw Mrs. Lonance any more than you saw Mrs. Tendrie's husband?"

"Never."

"Well, does Mrs. Tendrie receive any gentlemen here?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"No friends, ladies or gentlemen?"

"I never saw any."

"Did you never go out visiting with her?"

"Never. She promised to go with me to see my friends, and than to see her, but we have not had an opportunity."

"She's a mystery, then!"

"Quite a myst ry, Doctor, yet a good, fine woman. What do you want to discover?"

"A great many things," said the Doctor. "Mind, now, I'm not saying anything against your guest. I only for a certain purpose wish to find out something which she can probably reveal to me, and which no doubt you can find out."

"What is that something, pray? You have made me very curious."

"That something cannot be named just now. You will learn it before long."

"Is there any suspicion against Mrs. Tendrie?"

"I hope not."

"But is there? Tell me candidly."

"Mrs. Burdette, I cannot answer you. I only say this, that it is a very dangerous precedent to establish that of admitting total strangers to your household. You cannot give an account of this lady. You only met her at a watering place, in the whirl of a frivolous and fast populace, and yet to call her your bosom friend. Pardon my frankness, but I must own that if any trouble comes in the future you must blame yourself and no one else. My object is to find out Mrs. Tendrie's part, for a certain reason. She has lawyer, has she not?"

"Yes, oh yes, Doctor! She has spoken to me often of her lawyer."

"Spoke of? Then you have never seen him?"

"Never."

"What a lot of invisible friends she has. Probably a clergyman too among the rest. Did she ever tell you her lawyer's name?"

"Never. But Annie Templeton told me this evening that his name was Wykoff, I think, or some such name."

"Exactly," replied St. Jean. "So I discovered by my cave-dropping. He is the very man we are after. Once assured of what we seek we will interfere, but, to his sorrow."

"That we will!" said Sipes, pausing in the act of bringing a choice morsel to his mouth.

"Why, what does it it mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Burdette, excitedly. "You don't mean to tell me there is anything disreputable concerning Mrs. Tendrie?" "It is a lawsuit?"

"It may lead to a lawsuit," replied the Doctor.

"You frighten me!" said Mrs. Burdette.

"Do not alarm yourself in the least," rejoined St. Jean, taking his second sip of the claret. "Did you ever see Mrs. Tendrie's hand-writing?"

"Often and often,—why?"

"I want to show you a letter which I imagine she wrote, you can tell me the moment you glance at it whether the chirography is hers."

"Of course I can, Doctor. There is nothing easier. Mrs. Tendrie writes a most beautiful hand and a really elegant letter."

"Did she ever receive an invitation you were good enough to send us?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And invented the name "Luke Hall?"

"Yes. Is it not appropriate?"

"Extremely so. Will you return to the letter, Mr. Sipes you have that letter, please show it Mrs. Burdette. I believe I handed it to you."

"Oh! yes; I have it here all snug," said Sipes, making a dash for his coat pocket and fumbling about for sometime.

"It seems to me I haven't it after all. Doc. You had it. Did you give it back to me?"

"I did."

Hawkesworth leaped to his feet and began making a search about the table and upon the floor for the missing document.

It was not to be found.

"Thunder! where is it!" exclaimed the Doctor, excited into an outburst of anger. "I haven't it! Where could it have gone?"

He would not have asked this question had he seen, during the short interval in which he and Sipes were absent from the room, Miss Tendrie dart through the door and pick up the letter which had dropped from Sipes' pocket.

CHAPTER XXVII.
MISGIVINGS.

Of course all of this party not knowing of the fact that Mr. Tendrie had repossessed her note, were all alarmed at the disappearance.

"It will not do to lose that letter," said Sipes. "Never do in the world. It must be found. There was no lady in here but the servant, the ecstatic maid and Miss Templeton."

"I'll ring for her and ask her," answered Mrs. Burdette, touching the bell. "Are you sure you had it?"

"Sure as sure, Mrs. Burdette," replied St. Jean, walking over the room and examining every nook and cranny. "This is certainly mysterious."

"Why, I certainly put the letter in my pocket," said Sipes, "but I'll look again." He felt his pockets and shook his head.

"No go!" he exclaimed. "It's vamoosed."

"Well it must be found!" said the Doctor. "While it is of no actual use to any of us, it might prove a source of serious trouble in the hands of others. By the by a thought strikes me. Where's Mrs. Tendrie?"

"No. Not while you were here," answered Mrs. Burdette.

"Somebody did pass the window while we were here, you know, Doc, but didn't come in."

"Yes, and I'm afraid of that 'somebody,' Mr. Sipes. You know we left the room for a moment. Remember that?"

"That's true, Doc. But that somebody must have been the arch enemy himself, to have got away with that letter in such a short time."

The servant entering at this moment, Mrs. Burdette asked her if she had seen a letter.

"No ma'am."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you see anything on the table or the floor, other than plates and table cloth, spotted St. Jean.

"No, sir."

"That'll do, Margaret," said Mrs. Burdette, whereupon Margaret passed into the kitchen again.

"Well, Doc, you had better give up the search. You see, I'm positive when you suspect that the letter it is here by rights, and not ours, and we can't get it. If she keeps it, it will cause trouble in camp, because she will take it at once to her lawyer, with the envelope broken, and all that and what will be the result? She will trace up the connection of the letter having been found here in our presence with the fact of my taking it from the boy and there'll be the deuce to play. Best hurry up with our work and circumvent her in some way."

"If she has it," said the doctor, "she will not say anything about it—for if you look further into the affair she will suspect us of some design against her in having this letter in our possession. She will know it has been intercepted to ruin her, and she will say nothing about it, but watch wearily her chances of escape. Mark my words. Then, too, she is wondering about the card case. Both the card case and the letter point direct to Wykoff, and she is not such a fool, I imagine, as to say any thing to him about it, even if it destroys him body and soul. Perhaps she would rather see him destroyed. She is as sly, whoever she is."

"I really cannot understand your conversation," exclaimed Mrs. Burdette, pleadingly. "Do enlighten me. Do you allude to Mrs. Tendrie?"

"Certainly I do," responded St. Jean, "most decidedly I do. And what I want to know is whether she has that letter or not. She took it because it concerned her interest to take it. Nobody steals a mere scrap of paper as such—and if she has this letter, that's all I wish to know—for the fact of possession points her out at once. Burdette."

"I will if I can, Doctor."

"Of course you can."

"How?"

"By asking her point blank if she found a letter on the table."

"That wouldn't do, Doctor."

"Why not?"

"She would evade such impertinence."

"Impertinence! Humbug! I'll ask her myself if I see her!"

"Please do not, Doctor; Mrs. Tendrie would be so offended, and so would we all. You really accuse her unjustly. It is not fair. This letter you are speaking of as being so important, what is its nature?"

"It is a mere missive without signature or date, addressed to me, George Waller, in care of Mr. Wykoff. It is evidently written by the woman, I suspect."

"George Waller," repeated the hostess, "where have I heard that name? It strikes me as familiar. But of what do you suspect this woman?"

"Of various things, among others prompting an assault upon a poor, weak, old man, the janitor of our college who died yesterday of his injuries."

"Goodness, Doctor, you really make me shudder. Are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"You do not accuse a woman of this?"

"No, not directly, but as an accessory. There's always a woman in the case, and we must reach the woman in order to reach the man who is the real criminal. Therefore I wish to discover all I can respecting this Mrs. Tendrie, who may be as innocent as a dove, yet who can point out parties we desire to know. Now you see the drift of our aim."

"Yes, yes; but you really worry me. I wish I had never known Mrs. Tendrie, if she is to prove herself a woman of such a character. My, my; she is such an elegant lady, too."

"Mind, now, we do not say that she is in any way implicated in this affair. She is an innocent woman until we prove her guilty. My private opinion is, however, that she is an adventuress, if nothing worse. When is she to leave here?"

"On the 20th," replied Mrs. Burdette, the tears starting to her eyes. "I have loved her very, very much, Doctor, and you are too cruel to accuse her."

"I am the last person on earth to accuse anybody, Mrs. Burdette. She goes away from here on the 20th. Leaves for Europe, I believe. This garden party affair is to come off on the day before."

"Yes, Doctor."

Hawkesworth Sipes, who had been half sipping sherry and who was becoming what the Doctor called 'half gris,' now rising to his feet exclaimed:

"Now madam I must crave your forgiveness for interesting myself so deeply in Strasburg pie and truffles, but the truth is the odor of truffles has eaten me. I didn't drink it?" Then he remembered his fumbling among the many pockets of his clothes, pulling out papers, dropping some, stooping awkwardly to pick them up, and finally, with a yawn sinking into the chair again, closing his eyes, nodding his head and muttering to himself, until he sank into a slumberous sleep. The fumes of the wine had proved too much and he had only taken twelve glasses of sherry.

Mrs Burdette saw at a glance what was the matter and smiled reflectingly a smile of the Doctor's.

"Well, I am afraid we can't get him home to-night."

"Don't think of such a thing" exclaimed the hostess. "Dear me, I should think not, pray! Now Mr. Sipes, you are here for all of you. You would not think of venturing at this hour?"

"Oh by all means, we must go now and Mr. Sipes must get up with us. You see it will not do to let him remain here all night. He has an engagement to night, late though it may be at the "Gazette" office and he must keep it. Therefore we must be off."

"Oh, Doctor, I will not allow it!"

"Duty, you know."

"I shall be so miserable if you go—not a man in the house in case of danger! It's too cruel. I am so frightened. I am really in awe of Mrs. Tendrie now after what you have told me. Dear me, dear me, what am I to do. We can't trust anybody nowadays. Oh, you surely will not leave me!" She ran to see if it was all safe and showed the dial to Mrs. Burdette.

She for yourself. It is really eleven o'clock."

I am glad of it," said Mrs. Burdette. "I am very glad for the last train leaves half past nine, and your friend can't get to town to-night."

But we can get to Newton and take him with us ready for the first train in the morning."

"No, you cannot. Fate is dead against you, Doctor. The coachman has gone to bed, and you can get the carriage."

"A conspiracy," said St. Jean, "but I can walk."

"Yes you can, but I know you are too wise for that. Come make up your mind to stay. Early in the morning you shall be liberated."

"I suppose we can't help ourselves. But I'm sorry Mr. Sipes made such an enthusiastic investigation into the contents of that bottle. The effort has quite exhausted him."

"Who is he?" demanded the lady, "an attorney?"

"No, a journalist. One of the chief lights of the "Gazette." You remember reading that graphic article concerning the smuggling of a body into our college."

"Dear me, yes; a horrible account it was, too."

"He wrote it, and it is upon business connected with that affair that we are here."

"My dear Doctor you agonize me. Tell me, tell me, is Mrs. Tendrie mixed up in that dreadful case?"

"Not to my knowledge, Mrs. Burdette, but she may know people that are mixed up in it."

"This is awful—awful. It is a fearful blow to me. What am I to do?"

"Do? Remain calm until we have done with our investigations. You see the only thing we can do is to find out in some way from Mrs. Tendrie, her relations in certain persons, and with management, you yourself can easily effect this and get all the information we want without further trouble."

"Well, I will do anything to prove to you that Mrs. Tendrie is a good, sweet woman, a woman of fiery temper, perhaps, but nevertheless an excellent woman in spite of frailties which are a part of our human nature."

"I really hope you will prove it, Mrs. Burdette. I shall be too deeply indebted to you if you do. Find out, also, all about Miss Templeton and her connections, and friends relations, if she have any. Discern what relation exists between her and Mrs. Tendrie, and when all this is done, report to me and I will tell you that you have "spoken." I have formed of your guest. We must be quick about it. After the 19th it will be too late."

"I will do all I can," responded Mrs. Burdette.

Just then Sipes uttered a loud yawn, opened his eyes and exclaimed drowsily:

"Ugh! but I'm thirsty. How that golden sherry inflames me."

"Hello Sipes," said the Doctor. "Do you feel better?"

"I don't know that I was ill, Doc, but I'am awful thirsty. I'll take a glass of sherry, please."

"Remember we must be off; it's late, you know."

"What of it," exclaimed Sipes, filling a glass unsteadily and draining it off. "Let's be merry with good sherry while we may?"

"I'll call Marvin," said the Doctor to Mrs. Burdette, "and then go. Now, Mr. Sipes, if you don't look sharp you'll be left. Do you know what time it is?"

"No! By Jiminey, I've an engagement to night?"

The blat of the lateness of the hour sobered the reporter at once. He sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Don't tell me it's late, Doc, because it'll be the death of me."

"It's only after eleven o'clock."

"By Jiminy!" cried the reporter with a wild stare. "It can't be."

The Doctor showed him the watch.

"What the dickens am I to do? I can't catch the train."

"Stay here where you are," answered Mrs. Burdette. "Please allow me by remaining and resting yourself, Mr. Sipes. Doctor St. Jean and Mr. Marvin will keep you company."

"By the way, Mr. Marvin ought to have finished his discourse by this time," said the Doctor. "It is not fair in him to monopolize Miss Southgate so exclusively. I'll interrupt him in the midst of a flowery peroration."

"I guess he never gets hungry or thirsty," said Sipes. "He ought to in this place—the meat and drink are so refreshing. But I will now take the opportunity to thank you very much, Mrs. Burdette for your kind hospitality to representatives of the press. I shall make a three-columnner out of my experience here. Display head thus:

"How's that?"

The Doctor laughed, and Mrs. Burdette was so flattered, so delighted with the compliment. Then it was that Eustace opened the door and with a face white and solemn, cried:

"Doctor—Mrs. Sipes—Mrs. Burdette—here, quick. Look. Tell me what this means."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARCHERY CLUBS.

Archery clubs of from seven to fifteen members, both ladies and gentlemen, could be formed all over the country more easily, at less expense, and with far better results than cricket, croquet, or base ball clubs. The rules governing such organizations should be few and simple, not unlike those of rifle clubs. Prizes could be offered, and medals of championship adopted. Once brought into public notice and fairly established, no sport or game would be half so popular or permanent. It has in it all the elements of desirable pastime and recreation.

The physical exercise is better than fencing, boxing, or lifting: it has every feature of an exciting competitive game, is attended with no danger, and "shows off" the human form to the very best advantage,—all its poses being those of grace, ez e and power combined. A lady who has made herself "handy" with the bow never looks so well as when in the act of shooting. In England, archery has long been cultivated by ladies and gentlemen, and esteemed a fit sport for the gentlest and most cultured classes.

HOW THEY FIXED IT.

Mr. Benson was out in his garden on Monday daubing a coat of tar on the trunk of a choice cherry tree, when his next door neighbor, with whom he is not on very good terms, came out and industriously set to work a nailing lath between the palings on the line fence. "I thought I'd fix this tree so that your dog would not be able to get into it when the cherries are ripe," sarcastically observed Benson, as the work went on. "Yes, I see," was the reply, "and it reminded me that, if the space was reduced, your cat couldn't

TO-MORROW.

What if we walk the waste of life to-day,
Weighed down by cares and sore of heart with sorrow?
There waits for us across the dreary way
The golden dawn and splendor of to-morrow.
To-morrow our path shall blossom like the meads of May.

To-day from Heaven's peace we feel estrangement;
We marvel if God marks the falling sparrow,
And to the shorn lamb tempers the fierce blast—
Ah, well! we shall get back our faith to-morrow.
To-morrow our doubts and fears and travails will be past.

To-day we hug our pains and nurse our smarts,
And have no courage to pluck out the arrow
Pressed with venomed point into our hearts—
But we shall be more firm and brave to-morrow,
To-morrow we shall more nobly, wisely act our part.

To-day our souls are torn with death-like throes,
But in the furrows marred by torturing harrow,
The Master of the soul-fields patient sows—
The harvest we shall reap with joy to-morrow.
To-morrow our wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY NARISSA ROSAVO.

Redchester was in old days, a fashionable sea-side town. It is now chiefly peopled by persons concerned in the fishing trade, which prospers here, by the male and female scholars and teachers and scholars of two large educational establishments called respectively the College and the Academy, and by some ever-varying detachment of troops. The place is too large for these inhabitants, and only looks as lively as it ought on market-days, when visitors crowd in from the surrounding country districts. We might have many permanent summer guests here, if only there were any railway stations near at hand, but there are not, and so the grand old squares of houses in the upper part of the town are moulding away, and falling into ruins. We have to travel ten miles by coach, cab, or wagon, as the case may be, to reach the junction, in order to proceed thence to the city of Weston or elsewhere; and this is the nearest spot from which we can commence a journey by train.

Redchester is divided into districts. All the upper part is appropriately termed "Look-out," as it commands an extensive view of the ocean and harbor, which is continually gay with home and foreign boats and small vessels. Up above here there is a pretty tree-enclosed square, where the shopkeepers promenade on certain evenings in summer and listen to the band playing; and where the young people sometimes amuse themselves at croquet. The assembly-rooms and billiard hall overlook this. The barracks are near at hand; and then, a little further on, stands our very old-fashioned and somewhat clumsy looking church, which is rich in strange monuments and weird legends.

Look-out also boasts of a large monastery within its precincts. This is inhabited by some foreign order of monks, who go about bare-headed, and wear long grey gowns, gathered in at the waist by coarse ropes.

Down below, Redchester is intersected by a wide river, emptying itself into the ocean. Two bridges cross this, and one of these is dilapidated and shadowed over by tall trees. The districts they connect are termed Old and New Town; and in both odor of fish, in every stage of preservation and decay, is universally prevalent.

The Academy before mentioned, is in this division. It is, in part, a charitable institution, and there are consequently strict rules laid down concerning the attire of pupils. Girls of all ages, from ten to thirty, can receive an excellent education here, fitting them for private life or for holding situations as governesses, when they can secure a nomination for school, for the moderate cost of about thirty pounds a year; but they must dress almost as simply as quakers, and are allowed no license in the matter of doing up the hair peculiarly or becomingly. Curls or waves must be brushed out, however hard the task may be, and no pads are permitted to be worn.

The College is situated in Old Town. My husband, John Grey, is one of the head masters, and we live in a large and very antiquated-looking house, which adjoins the main building, twelve of the scholars always residing with us. Our hall-door opens out upon the narrow, winding street, and is approached by a broad, high flight of stone steps. Every part of our mansion is constructed on an immense scale, as though, when it was built, Redchester had been inhabited by a race of giants. The rooms are lofty, the walls thick, and the doors enormous. A long arched and flagged passage, or corridor, connects our dwelling with the school to which we are attached.

We have had one great friend here ever since our arrival. Louis Carter, a man of somewhat multifarious employment. He had been, at one time, very well off. There was every prospect of his having large means in his hands, and of holding a good position in society, but his father speculated heavily, and lost nearly all he possessed. His last act, shortly before his death, had been the purchase of an annuity for his son and only child, with the remains of his fortune. "He did this because he believed me quite incapable of earning anything for myself," Louis explained to me, one of those soft, dreamy, half-sad smiles peculiar to him lighting up his face as he spoke.

Our friend was just over thirty when we knew him first. He had devoted his youth and early manhood to the study and culture of music, which was his great and absorbing pleasure; but when comparative poverty fell upon him he turned his attention to other things. At the time I now write of, although he was organist at our church, and also gave music lessons two evenings in each week at the Academy, he was, besides, employed every morning as a clerk in a thriving local bank.

Thus he was a busy and tolerably well-to-do man, but he was quite alone in the world, and was of a depressed and desponding turn of mind. He had, moreover, a great dislike to Redchester. Its ruined homes and its somewhat desolate, world-forsaken air oppressed him with gloom and melancholy forebodings, he was wont to say. I always, on the contrary, cherished a particular partiality for the place. It seemed to me as if life in this picturesque spot could not be as commonplace and unromantic as it might be elsewhere.

I gave lessons twice a week at the Academy as well as Louis Carter, but the accomplishment I taught was drawing. When I arrived at the school one blustering day early in January, I found that two new pupils were to be added to my class. These were Fenella and Frances Perrin, the daughters of a medical man who had died suddenly, and had left so little provision for his family that these, his eldest children, had come to Redchester with the intention of qualifying themselves to act as governesses. The last-mentioned girl was the elder of the two, but almost everyone instinctively put the names in the order I have used above; for Frances had an air of almost childish simplicity about her, which made her appear to be far younger than her sister. Fenella was also a whole head the taller of the pair, and carried herself with an indescribably coquettish confidence of manner.

I thought that Frances was singularly unsuited to the profession she intended to adopt. A beautiful, refined, and sensitive face, a lovely voice, and a shy and timid manner are not the best qualifications with which a young governess can face the world. And all these she possessed.

A great many of the girls had not returned yet from their homes, whither they had gone to spend the Christmas holidays, on the morning when I first made acquaintance with my new pupils. Nevertheless, the long room, in which the drawing and music lessons were given to the more advanced scholars, was tenanted by a small crowd of young people when I entered it. There was a large bow-window at each end, and a great fire-place nearly opposite the door. Round this some twenty or thirty girls were standing, sitting and kneeling; all busily engaged laughing, whispering, or listening.

Frances and Fenella Perrin were a little apart from the rest, looking as uncomfortable as they no doubt felt upon this their first day in a strange place. The former had her small white hands clasped nervously together. She stood with her slender, graceful figure drawn up to its fullest height. Her beautiful, tender face was pale, and her wide-open blue eyes had in them a look of pathetic and wistful abstraction. Her sunny, light brown hair shone and glistened even on this dull day. She made a lovely picture.

Fenella was leaning over the back of a tall chair, in a very ungraceful attitude. She was evidently in a great state of indignation at something which had occurred. She sulked and pouted, and her brows were angrily contracted, while her eyes bore traces of recent tears. She sat next to me as I gave my lesson, and by degrees she brightened up into a good humor. She displayed decided talent, and improved every instant in personal appearance, as her face began more and more to glow with cheerful animation, until I was inclined to consider her almost as uncommon-looking and attractive as her sister, though in a very different way. Frances was busily drawing at the opposite side of the table, and her small, glossy head offered so striking a contrast, and so pretty a point of view, that my eyes strayed thither again and again.

My class was broken up, and lights were brought in, just as Louis Carter entered the room to give his afternoon lessons. It struck me that his face wore an unusually grave and forlorn look that evening, but he smiled a greeting when he recognized me. I was a little curious to see what impression the new pupils would make upon him. They were neither of them girls to be passed over unnoticed in any assemblage.

I naturally concluded that none of the three had ever met before, and I was therefore much surprised to hear Fenella whisper to her sister, "It is he! It is the same Mr. Carter, and he is my very particular friend. What do you think of him?"

Frances had a habit of pausing before she spoke, as if she were anxious not to say anything without due consideration. She was just beginning to reply when the governess, who had appeared with our professor, called the two up to introduce them to the notice of the master. As she did so I noticed that she put the younger girl's name first, as I have done in writing, and as I always felt inclined to do when addressing them both together by word of mouth. In after days I often wished that we had not all fallen into this habit.

It was explained that Frances did not play much. Hitherto she had never attempted more than the performance of her own accompaniments. I drew a little nearer to observe whether Louis was also an old acquaintance of hers. It appeared not, but he was evidently far from remaining unimpressed by her beauty. His cheek flushed when his dreamy eyes fell upon the lovely downcast face before him, and I thought he lingered over the delivery of his opinion as he told her gently that he considered she made a great mistake, if she had a fine voice, in not straining every nerve to become a good player as well as an excellent singer. "So much depends on the way a song is accompanied," he said.

Fenella had been waiting impatiently. She now held out her hand. "You and I have met before, Mr. Carter," she exclaimed, with a saucy and coquettish air. The other pupils opened their eyes with surprise at her audacity. It was not etiquette in the school for the girls to speak to the masters, except when they had some question to ask about their studies.

"Stand aside, Miss Perrin, if you please," the governess said, in freezing tones, while she motioned to another young lady to come forward and take her place at the piano.

I was now ready to return home, but it was raining heavily, and the German mistress persuaded me to wait awhile in the hope that the weather might improve. This was her holiday hour, and she carried me off upstairs to her room, to share her leisure for a time. She had a pleasant little sanctum here, all to herself. The chamber was cosy, cheerful, and warm, for a bright fire was burning in the grate. A large cat sat on the rug, purring and blinking. A vase filled with sweet-scented violets and Christmas roses was upon the table, and an open piano stood against the wall. It would have been impossible for me to make use of this instrument just now, however, even had we wished to do so, as the music from below came to us in full distinctness. We sat down and listened. There was presently a change of performers. Some one began to play with a good deal of brilliancy, but in every few bars a note was dropped or played incorrectly.

"I feel sure it is Fenella Perrin who is at the piano," I said.

My companion ran off to find out whether my surmise had been correct, and came back laughing and informing me I was right.

"What a face, perfectly lovely, has the little girl with the bright hair," she observed, enthusiastically, as she sat down again.

Of course I assented to this. "I like both the girls," I said. "They must come to me on Saturday next."

At this moment a clear, full, melodious voice began to sing that pathetic "Parting Song," by Gilbert.

"It is Frances. It is early yet to talk of separation, when she has only just come to us," I said, when the last soft notes had died away. She was one of those singers who can constrain attention, and make the hearers forget the world, and all its cares, as they listen.

By the time the rain had ceased it was quite dark, and I was very glad to find that Louis Carter was then ready and willing to escort me home. We chose the shortest way from the Academy to the College, although this led over the old bridge, which my companion told me he nearly always avoided crossing. He kept lingering there on this occasion, however.

"I never saw any beauty in this dreary place before," he said. "I have generally an instinctive, unaccountable dislike to the spot; and yet, to-night, it has a sort of fascination for me. Perhaps I shall learn to admire Redchester scenery in the end, Mrs. Gray, as you do."

The moon had just risen, and was casting a white ghostly light around. Candles gleamed in cottage windows here and there, and lamps burned and flared in many of the boats. A great tree near us cast gloomy shadows from its leafless branches, and shook and groaned beneath the wintry blast. The water below rushed swirling through the arches of the bridge, and washed angrily against the sides of some old decaying vessels, drawn up on the bank at a little distance off, to await the destructive work of time, for seafaring superstition forbade their use as firewood.

We were nearing home, at last, when my companion asked me if I would do him a favor.

"Certainly, if it is in my power," I answered, wondering at his eager and yet hesitating manner. "What do you wish?"

"Will you get the Miss Perrins to attend our choir practice?"

"If I can. The pretty one could not help much with her voice. Is she not beautiful?"

"I never saw anyone half so lovely before," he replied, and I thought the arm upon which my hand rested trembled as he spoke.

"And Fenella," I inquired, "do you like her? She and you seemed to be old friends."

"I used to meet her, sometimes, when I was living at Weston," he said, absently. "She is gay and merry; but when she plays she has no soul."

We had reached the College then, and he was turning away.

"Has Frances no soul in her voice?" I asked.

I thought he had not heard my question; but after a short pause a very energetic reply came wafted to me through the gloom made by the overshadowing houses:

"Plenty of soul, but much need of study."

II.

It had become a settled thing that the Perrin girls were to spend every Saturday afternoon with me. We had all three taken to each other, and I did not quite know whether I liked Frances or Fenella most. The latter I soon discovered to be an arrant coquette and flirt. She was, moreover, intolerably vain. Both the girls had already many admirers in Redchester. Much to my surprise, Fenella was more thought of and talked about than Frances. Whenever the former escaped from the Academy she was always on the qui vive, looking out for a meeting with any male being, were it even but a juvenile collegian, with whom she could get up a little flirtation. It was quite a trial to her, I am sure, that there was seldom a youth to be seen with us when she arrived; for as Saturday was a half holiday at the College as well as at the Academy, all the scholars generally dined very early, and set out at once after dinner upon some country expedition.

I took the two girls to the choir practice at six every Saturday evening, and thence accompanied them back to the school. The organist had made it his custom to escort us from the church on this latter walk. I saw very plainly that he was fast losing his heart to one of my young friends, but, I confess, I found it impossible to decide positively as to which of them was proving the attraction; and I believe that I was not the only person who considered over this question.

Fenella always spoke of Louis by the title of her "particular friend," and she was continually quoting speeches to us, from his lips, which certainly, as she delivered them, appeared to have been said with a tender meaning. But then we both knew that she was apt to see things as she wished them to be, rather than as they were exactly. Nevertheless, it was a matter of fact that our musical professor talked more to her than I had ever known him do to anyone else.

Frances and he rarely conversed together, and in his absence she never mentioned him; but if he were suddenly spoken of before her, I noticed that she blushed and grew confused. She was always rather inclined to silence, but on our Saturday evening walks she now rarely uttered a word. Her face wore a meditative air at such times, and her gentle, wistful eyes were sometimes turned with a puzzled and questioning expression upon Louis and her sister, when Fenella, according to her wont, was trying to rouse her companion into a humor for exchanging lively badinage with her. As we all grew more and more intimate, she was often successful in these attempts, for our friend was no longer the gloomy and moody man he had been. My husband and I rejoiced over the change in him. He carried himself now with more erect carriage, and walked with a firmer, more elastic tread than before, and at this time he breathed into his voluntaries a sort of triumphal tone, very different from the pathetic sadness they had formerly expressed.

"He has given us one of Batiste's Andantes as if it were a wedding march, or a Christmas carol," I said to Frances, after service one Sunday, while we exchanged greetings in the church porch. She practiced instrumental music diligently in those days; and once, when Mr. Carter rewarded some modest performance of hers with an emphatic "Well done," I saw such a tender, happy smile brighten her fair face!

It was two o'clock on Saturday when the girls arrived at the College. The boys, as usual, had all dispersed, and we turned into the drawing room, before going up stairs, to discuss the merits of two photographs Frances had just had done, and which she had brought me to choose from. One showed her full face—the other gave a profile view of the lovely, refined features. Both were so pretty that I found it difficult to make a selection between them. I put them back, at last, into their envelope, which I laid upon the table, and proposed that I should defer my decision until later.

We were all very merry that day, and we walked up to the wide, old-fashioned oak staircase three abreast, laughing and talking as we went, and having our arms linked together.

We all three grew deep in discussion over a book we were reading, and this made us linger up stairs longer than we need have done. Thus it was twenty minutes, or perhaps even half an hour, before we descended. Our surprise was therefore great at finding the drawing room tenanted by Louis Carter.

He stood up as we went in, looking, I thought, strangely flushed and confused. Louis told us that he had got a holiday from bank work on this occasion, as he had not been quite well all the morning. He had called to offer us tickets for a concert to be held that evening in the town hall. When he arrived the maid had shown him in here, saying we should be down immediately.

We were much pleased at the idea of the evening's entertainment, but I said we must walk back to the Academy and ask permission to enjoy ourselves before we definitely arranged to go. Fenella was in exuberant spirits. She danced about the room with delight, laying down a programme of our proceedings as she went. "High tea at four," she said; "then a journey to the school, to ask leave of Mother Crooke. After that the choir practice; and to crown all, a concert. Were ever school-girls so fortunate as we?" She paused in her tour of ecstasy before the round table, and began heaping the books one upon another.

The day was a very busy one—so busy that I never during its course, recollected the photographs I was to choose between. The girls were forgetful, for our minds were engrossed with other matters up to the moment of parting. I did not go in search of the photographs until the following evening. To my surprise and indignation, I found that there was no longer a choice left to me. The profile likeness alone remained in the envelope which had contained the two.

I could only, at the moment, conclude that some of the boys had been rummaging in the place, and that they had been unable to resist the temptation of securing so great a prize. If this was the case, however, I wondered that both photographs had not been taken. I called my husband into the room and consulted with him. His suspicions went in the same direction as mine, and yet we neither of us liked to ask questions or to make inquiries upon the subject, lest there might possibly be some mistake.

I was much provoked at the loss, and still more vexed with myself for leaving the photographs tossed about. I began to turn over the books, in the vain hope that one of the likenesses had fallen between them, when a sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"I have it!" I exclaimed joyfully. My husband was sitting by the fire.

"I felt sure it would turn up," he said, in a relieved tone.

"Oh, I have not found the likeness!" I cried. "I have only hit upon an idea. I feel certain now that Louis Carter took the photograph while he was here alone in the room. I am delighted, too, to know this. It clears up all my perplexity. It shows me that Frances is the one he cares for. I must tell her about the loss, and make her understand who has been the thief."

"You will do nothing of the kind, I hope," my husband said. "Your conjectures may be correct, but they may also be wrong. I think the only right course is to keep silence for the present, and in the meantime to go off and order a new copy from the photographer."

This was what I eventually did, and I was very soon extremely thankful that I had followed this advice.

The next Saturday happened to be St. Valentine's day. The girls came to me as usual; but Frances was coughing, and seemed ill. She was perfectly pale, and her eyes looked larger than usual, and there were dark lines drawn underneath her lower lids. She laughed and talked, however, with forced and feverish gaiety quite unnatural to her. Both maidens were laden with valentines, and Fenella was merry with a right good will, although I saw her occasionally steal a pitying glance at her sister.

I recognized the handwriting upon many of the envelopes shown to me. The Redchester Collegians had been particularly amorously inclined this year. The younger girl had received no less than seventeen triumphs of art, while Frances displayed twelve tokens of admiration.

"Is that all?" I asked, at last, when I had my lap full of Cupids, doves, and roses.

"There is one more," Fenella said gleefully, and yet with a certain hesitation of manner; "but it is of quite a different sort from these. It is a real one. Don't you think so, Frances?"

The poor child had been bending over the fire. She shivered as she attempted to smile when thus addressed. I saw her blue eyes fill with tears, as she answered in a husky voice:

"I don't know—Yes—I suppose it is." Her liveliness had failed her all of a sudden, and I wondered what could be the matter.

Fenella, meanwhile, had drawn her treasure forth, and now held it before me. This valentine consisted of a large unornamented sheet of white paper, containing a bold sketch of the sea-shore and of the great heaving ocean. Underneath was written:

"So vast my love!
My bliss as boundless,
If thou wilt be mine."—L. C.

The envelope was directed to Miss F. Perrin, and there had been no attempt made to disguise the handwriting. The sender was certainly our organist, and he wished that fact to be known. I pushed all the gaudy missives aside in disgust, and sat silent for awhile. Fenella was quite keen enough to see what was in my mind, but she passed no remark. Frances was so engrossed in trying to appear indifferent that she observed nothing. I got up and brought her the likeness I had just received from the photographer, saying aloud that I had determined to keep the profile likeness; while all the time I was mentally repeating over and over again, "He did not take it, then, and I have been deceived."

As Frances had a cold, I proposed that we should not go to the choir practice that evening. Fenella remonstrated against this idea with eager indignation, and the elder girl yielded at once, and consented to go, as if the matter were quite indifferent to her, although she had confessed to feeling weary and unequal to further effort.

Fenella vexed and provoked me all that day. And yet I was unreasonable, no doubt, in expecting her to act otherwise than as she did, considering the circumstances of the case and her nature. She feigned extreme fatigue when we left the church, until she almost obliged Mr. Carter to offer her his arm. He only went with us half way to the Academy, however. He turned away then, pleading urgent business as an excuse for leaving us; and after that how Fenella did chatter!

"He asked me if there could be any hope for him," she said, breaking out into a conscious little laugh; "and I said, 'Of course not;' and would you believe it, the stupid old fellow trembled all over as the words came out! He is a goose. Instead of shivering and going away like that he ought to have settled the whole matter to-night upon the spot."

Frances and I were walking arm in arm. She too trembled just now, and I, half inadvertently caught her hand in mine, but she drew quite away from me as I did so.

"You talk too much of things, Fenella," she said, with a little gasp.

"What is the good of things except to talk of them?" was the very characteristic answer given to this remark.

Fenella came to me by herself next Saturday. Frances had been laid up ever since that evening with a severe cold. We did not go to the choir practice. Even had I been inclined to take Fenella by herself, she would not have cared much to go, as Louis Carter was absent on bank duties, and had deputed his duties to an assistant. I went back with her in the evening to the school, to see Frances. She was up and downstairs again, but she looked ill. Her face was white and pinched, her hands burned painfully. When I touched her lips they, too, felt unnaturally hot, but she called herself nearly well.

"I shall be quite ready to go to you and to the choir practice next week," she whispered. "Fenella tells me I mope, and that this attracts notice, but indeed I don't wish to do so. I would not interfere with her happiness for the whole world."

III.

The boys were unusually tardy about dispersing on the following Saturday. The weather was mild, dull and spring-like, and they were intending to go on some fishing excursion. Their preparations for this were very elaborate and noisy. I grew weary, at last, of hearing them tramping backwards and forwards through the long passage connecting our house with the College, and of listening to loud-voiced discussions about rods, bait, and tackle. I opened the great hall-door, and went out upon the steps to get a little peace.

The air was delightfully soft and balmy, but the prospect before me was far from enlivening. A cart laden with dried fish splashed through the muddy street. Two officers attired in unbecoming undress, went by, with cigars in their mouths, obliging a market woman to get off the path to allow them to pass. They had just turned out of sight when one of the bare-headed grey monks appeared, walking with down-cast eyes and a quick, silent step. A group of persons came into view almost immediately afterwards. They were Frances, with Louis Carter, followed by Fenella, who had the curate of the parish for her companion. All four looked out of sorts and uncomfortable. I felt instinctively that something disagreeable must have occurred, and I waited anxiously to greet the girls. The two gentlemen turned away in opposite directions when they reached the house, raising their hats to us all.

Fenella was at my side in an instant. Her eyes were blazing with angry excitement, and she threw back her head with a haughty, indignant, toss and air. Frances stumbled up the steps, and burst into hysterical sobs as she got close to me. "Oh hush!" I said, leading her into my husband's study, that being the only room downstairs in which we could be free from the boys' intrusion.

"How I hate such nonsense!" Fenella cried, looking at her sister with an unutterably wrathful gaze. "If you had a lover, I would not try to entice him away from you, although it might indeed be fair enough for me to make the attempt, when you are so much prettier than I."

It was some little time before I could ascertain the meaning of all this, but at last I gathered that the facts of the case ran as follows:

On leaving the Academy the girls had gone for a little walk before turning toward the College. They had met the curate, and Fenella, only too delighted to secure any male companion, had challenged him to escort them to their destination, which he was quite ready to do. Shortly afterwards, however, they fell in also with Louis Carter, who immediately attached himself to Frances, entering into earnest and private conversation with her. The younger girl, who regarded him as her own particular property, was terribly chagrined and provoked at this, and the young clergyman was made to feel himself quite de trop by her. While she was giving me an account of her grievances, Frances stood at my side, trembling, and shedding showers of tears. She now sobbed out a declaration that, although Mr. Carter had said he had but just left the bank, she felt sure he must have been drinking somewhere.

"For shame!" I cried. "How can you say such a thing of a man like Louis Carter? No one ever saw him the worse for drink. How could you possibly even think it of him?"

"I have every right, at any rate, to ask what he was saying to you," Fenella interrupted, angrily.

"You shall know all about it at once," Frances answered, looking up. "When we came to the old bridge he was asking me to marry him."

Fenella looked unspeakable things, but her anger choked her voice for the moment.

"And you said?" I asked.

"What could I say that would have been half hard enough? I tell you he was not himself. He must have been drinking. He stumbled twice, and nearly fell down; and his eyes were blazing at me in such a terrible way. I asked him how he dared to say such things to me, after all that had passed, and I told him I would sooner die than marry a man that anyone could say had been mean and dishonorable."

"You said what you had no right to say," I remarked, angrily. "I never met a more provoking pair of girls in my life."

"He was not sober," she insisted, passionately. "He could not walk steadily."

"You stumbled twice as you came up the steps here," I said, dryly, "and yet you are quite sober. I don't consider girls should say such things, or ought even to let themselves think them, of men—especially of good men like Louis Carter—unless there is no possibility of mistake about the matter. My idea is that there has been some most extraordinary misapprehension in this affair from the very beginning. Perhaps he thinks that Fenella is the elder, as I thought at first. He may have intended the valentine for you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fenella, interrupting me indignantly. "Then, pray, what can you make of all the things he said to me? of all the times he asked me if there was any hope for him?"

"Perhaps he did not understand how jealous you are," I answered, coldly. "He may have believed that you knew and understood his admiration for Frances. His questions probably referred to her."

"You may think what you like," was the angry reply, "but from the commencement he paid attentions to me, and to me only, even before he knew Frances. He may have turned off to her now. It is always the way. She set to work to charm him from me, at once, with her beauty, and of course she has succeeded. It is easy for her to have things as she wishes; but he is a mean, wicked, dishonorable man, and I congratulate her upon what she gets in him. But I will have my revenge some day."

Matters were going too far, and I took pattern by Frances, and began to cry. Fenella was soon in tears also, and then we presently kissed all round, and forgave each other.

The younger girl then said, magnanimously, "You may have him, Frances, if you wish to take such a mean fellow; but I will try and keep far away from you both, for I hate him with my whole heart, and I never can forgive anyone." She spoke half regretfully, but her lips again grew pale with angry emotion.

"You need not distress yourself about the matter," Frances answered, quietly. "I could never like anyone who had acted dishonorably."

"But he has not, I feel sure," I said. "It has been all a mistake."

"He has only wrecked my happiness for ever," Fenella observed, in tragical tones.

"I will never, never marry him," Frances sobbed, clinging to her aggrieved sister; and I know she spoke with a resolute and obstinate heart.

We discontinued our attendance at choir practice after this but otherwise things appeared to go on much as usual. The girls took their music lessons as of old, and it was no doubt good discipline for them to be obliged to act as though nothing had happened. Fenella prospered and grew merry again very speedily under this self-restraint. She was ready once more to avail herself of any chance opening for flirtation that came in her way. Schoolboy, curate, vicar, or doctor, all were alike acceptable to her, if they were willing to allow her to amuse herself at their expense.

Frances was, however, no longer what she had been. Her former calm and even temperament was gone. When she fancied herself unnoticed she drooped languidly, and sat with idle clasped hands, as though weary of her life. At other times she was feverishly active and eager. Her cheeks burned on such occasions, and her hands trembled. I thought her far from well or strong, but she was resolute in declaring that there was nothing the matter with her.

Louis Carter, to my great distress, withdrew himself completely from me and from my husband. We could only mourn in secret over this estrangement, and over the sad change we perceived in him. He walked heavily, and with stooping shoulders, now, while a cloud of gloomy reserve had settled upon his face.

At last, one evening late on in June, my husband induced him to come in and take tea with us. The meal would have been an uncomfortable one had not the boys been present. Our organist had always been a somewhat silent man. Few good musicians are given to much talk. The habit of uncommunicativeness in which he had now enwrapped himself had, however, I am sure, grown almost as oppressive to him as it was to others. It appeared to me that he was continually dwelling upon some melancholy topic, and considering it in all its bearings. I guessed the subject of his thoughts, and I even fancied he was wishing to consult me upon it, for I found his eyes fixed, now and again, with a mournful, questioning gaze, upon my face; but a wall of embarrassment had risen up between us since our last meeting.

We were alone together in the dusky drawing-room after tea, but conversation failed us even then, and at last I asked him to play to me. He went to the piano at once, and I sat near the window and watched his hands, as I listened to the river of melody which began to flow through the shadowy chamber. I saw that he had still his old habit of stooping as he played, as if to listen for what the notes would say, and of then suddenly raising his head in an attentive attitude, as though he were looking out and waiting for an answer from above.

I was in a dreamy trance of enjoyment when the music suddenly came to an abrupt stop, and the player said slowly, "Your friends, the Miss Perrins, do not ever come to the choir practice now."

"They do not," I answered. At the moment I could think of nothing else to say.

"Could you tell me how it was that I offended Miss Frances Perrin?" he continued, hesitatingly.

I grew confused, and delayed a little before I faltered out the monosyllable, "No."

"I might have guessed not," he said, bitterly, and after that we sat for a while without speaking. At last I said quickly, "Why do you call her Miss Frances Perrin? She is the elder of the two girls."

An exclamation of pain floated over to me through the gloom, with a wailing sound; something as though it had been a prayer. He turned from the piano, and began speaking eagerly. "I did not know," he said. "I always believed she was the younger. Will you tell her——"

But just at this moment a servant brought in candles, and then my husband joined us. He was full of a journey which he had just learned it would be necessary for him to take on the following day. There was business to be done in Weston, which was distant about thirty miles from the railway junction, and this, as I said before lay ten miles from us.

I was shocked to see the terrible alteration that the past few months had wrought in our friend's appearance when I observed him by the full light now in the room. He looked ill and worn, and yet there was certainly at this moment, a hopeful, animated gleam in his face which had not been there when John brought him to me, a couple of hours before, in the other chamber. He spoke, too, in readier and more lively tones, now, than he had used all the evening, as he told us that he, also, engaged to go next morning to Weston on banking affairs.

"The manager asked me to undertake some business there for him," he said, "and I agreed, not caring whether I went or stayed, although the weather is certainly unpleasantly hot and dusty for a long and wearisome journey. As things are now, however," he added, speaking to me in whispered tones, "I think my own affairs here want so much immediate looking after that I should much prefer remaining at home."

It was arranged that my husband and Louis should take a cab together to and from the junction.

"What a pity Fenella and her friend could not go under your escort," I said, inadvertently; but I immediately checked myself, remembering that, under existing circumstances, it was much better that the organist should not meet his old acquaintance, at any rate for the present. The midsummer vacation was just commencing, both at the college and school. Frances was to spend the holidays with me, and I hoped to send her back to the Academy in better health and spirits than she now enjoyed. Fenella was to start next evening for the country, with a schoolfellow, at whose home she had been invited to spend a few weeks.

Mr. Carter was with us very early next morning. He arrived before the cab came to the door. He was pale and heavy-eyed, but cheerful in tone and manner. "You look as if you had not slept, and yet as though you rather enjoyed lying awake," I said laughingly to him.

"Perhaps you are right in both surmises," he answered with a smile. "You certainly are in the first. Nature is taking her revenge now, for I could fall off into a profound slumber at this moment, if I got a chance of doing so. I must keep wide awake to-day, however. I have endless accounts to go through in Weston, and then, coming home, I shall have a large sum of money in my hands. To-morrow, as you know, is market-day here, and the manager expects to need a good deal of gold; besides which my pocket-book is to be filled with notes on his behalf."

He had a small valise in his hand.

"Is that meant for all the sovereigns?" I asked, pointing to it, and wondering at the unusual communicativeness of my friend.

He nodded.

"You must take care of it then," I said, sagaciously.

I stood on the doorstep to see the travelers drive off, and repeated my warning as they both waved me a final farewell.

The weather was very sultry, and they had a tiresome day. When they met in the evening, at the Weston Station, John was distressed to find that his companion was completely worn out by the bodily and mental fatigues he had gone through. The train was so crowded that it was impossible for the two to travel together. My husband was provoked at this, as he was anxious to relieve his friend of all care and anxiety concerning his heavily laden valise. Under existing circumstances he was only able to see that Louis was comfortably ensconced in the corner seat of a first-class carriage. Having provided him with a newspaper, he was obliged to hurry off and secure a place for himself.

The train stopped for ten minutes about midway between Weston and the junction, and John got out here to look after his fellow traveler. Louis was then suffering from a racking headache. He was leaning forward, supporting his forehead upon his hands, and groaning with agony. The sudden stoppage of the train seemed to increase his sufferings, although, a moment before, he had attributed his torments to the rapid movement. He had thrust the precious valise beneath his feet, and another passenger had appropriated his copy of the Times.

"I feel as if I could give all I have about me for one drop of cold water," he said, looking up at John with a ghastly attempt at a smile. My husband brought him a glassful, and then proceeded to lay a wet handkerchief upon his aching brows. When this was accomplished, John was obliged to return to his seat. His patient was much better by the time the junction was reached. The two met Fenella and her friend here, and waited to see them off. The girls continued their journey by the train that the other travelers had just left.

In the meantime, Frances and I had been spending the day together very quietly. When I had her all to myself in the silent house—for all our boarders had departed—I told her what had occurred the previous evening, but I had hardly got through my short tale when I began to regret that I had mentioned the organist's name at all. My poor friend was not strong enough to bear any excitement, and she sobbed and cried until she made herself ill.

"Never talk to me about him again," she said imploringly. "There are some things that never come right in this world, when once they have gone wrong, and this is one of them."

She shivered and trembled all through this hot day as though she had an ague fit.

We had taken tea, and my husband was rejoicing in being home again, when we were all startled by a loud and hurried knocking at the hall door. He was called away, and Frances and I waited anxiously, longing to know what was the matter. We both felt that foreboding of evil which so often fills the mind on the occasion of an unexpected summons coming at some unusual hour.

It seemed as though we were a long time kept in suspense; but at last John reappeared, in the act of drawing on his overcoat. His face was troubled and perplexed, and he looked uneasily at Frances.

"Carter has lost his pocketbook," he said. "There was a thousand pounds in it, in Bank of England notes. He has been with the police, and has telegraphed hither and thither, and now he wants me to drive back with him to the junction. So you must not expect me home to-night until you see me, Mary."

"And it is the bank money!" I exclaimed, breathlessly. "But then, of course, they have the numbers of the notes down, wherever he got them."

"That is just what they have not," John answered, impatiently. "No one wrote them down, through some inexplicable carelessness. Come out and get this poor fellow some tea, or something of the sort, Mary. He is in my study."

He closed the door between us and our young visitor when I had followed him from the dining-room.

"I did not like to tell you before Frances," he said, "but I never, in all my life, saw a fellow in such a terrible state as Carter is in now. He came to me at first like a lunatic, and now he is behaving more as if he were a woman than a reasonable man. I have had him in floods of tears, like any girl. He thinks, and so do I, that after I got him the glass of water to-day, at the station, he must have either slept or fainted when the train again went on, and that his pocket-book then either dropped out of his pocket or was stolen from it. He reproaches himself bitterly for what he calls his carelessness; although the truth is that the poor fellow was more dead than alive just then, and was quite incapable of paying attention to anything."

"He is overwrought," I said. "He told me that he did not sleep at all last night."

I made some fresh strong tea, and administered it to my patient in silence before he left. As I could give him no comfort I thought it better to say nothing.

When Frances and I were together again, we went into the drawing-room, and sat there until near midnight. I sent her off to bed then, and waited up alone for John. He did not return home until the early day was dawning and then he had no good news to tell. There were no tidings of the lost pocket-book. Time went on, and this was still the case. It seemed as though the matter were hopeless, for all searches and inquiries continued to prove fruitless.

Louis went daily, as of old, to the bank, where no one, I am sure, ever threw a glance of suspicion upon him, but elsewhere he was seldom seen in public. He no longer played the organ during the church services, nor did he instruct the choir any more. All these duties were delegated to his assistant. He shrank from notice with painful and morbid sensitiveness, believing himself an object of universal contempt. My husband could not persuade him out of the idea that he was now a dishonored man, in consequence of what had occurred. He declined all entreaties to visit us, and it was a long time before I saw him again after that unhappy night when he had come to us in the first eagerness of his distress. I was much troubled at this, as I felt impressed with a strange and strong conviction that the money would, sooner or later, be traced and restored. In spite of the ever growing improbability that this should happen, as the days and weeks went by, the persuasion was still with me, and I longed to try and impart some of my hopefulness to our poor friend. I also desired to make him aware of my sympathy with him.

Frances and I never talked of this sad affair, but I had quite relinquished my hope of sending her back to the Academy stronger and happier than she had left it. I began, indeed, to doubt whether she could ever return to the routine of school life, and my husband sometimes advised me to write to her friends and recommend that she should be recalled home. She grew more beautiful and ethereal looking every day, until we felt, at times, as if we had some gentle, wistful denizen of another world on a visit with us. John and I regarded her almost as if she were a child of our own, to be petted and loved and cared for; and she accepted our affection with interest.

I was alone one evening. On my way home I lingered upon the old bridge. I was leaning against the parapet, looking out at the sea, lit up by the red glow of sunset, when I heard many quick footsteps pass by me, while some one, walking with a slow and heavy tread, paused at my side. I turned round. Six gray monks went up the road in procession, and Louis Carter stood near me, hesitating as if in some doubt as to whether or not he should delay. His gait was weary, his shoulders were bent, and I saw many silver threads gleaming in his dark hair. I put my two hands within his arm to detain him, uttering an exclamation of pleasure; but when his eyes met mine I started back, alarmed at the wild and desperate expression in them. He looked so utterly hopeless that I shuddered instinctively.

"I understand," he said bitterly. "Of course you do not wish to be seen with me. I will go on."

"Oh, you must not; indeed it is not that," I cried, my eyes filling with tears. "I was only sorry to see you so very—sad."

"What should a dishonored man be but sad?" he said, heavily.

"I have been wishing so much to meet you," I exclaimed. "I want to tell you not to despair about this money. I feel sure—I know it will be found."

"Have you heard anything of it, then?" he asked, eagerly.

I was obliged to confess that I had not, but I did my best to instil some hopefulness into him concerning the loss. He seemed a little comforted by the sympathy I displayed in his trouble. He walked along at my side; and the load of care upon his brow appeared to lighten as we talked. We were drawing near the College when he inquired with sudden abruptness whether Frances was still with me.

"She is," I answered, laconically. I did not wish to talk of her, but unhappily he did.

"You believe that this money will be found," he said. "If it is, and if my character is thereby cleared from reproach, do you think I may try and explain matters to Miss Perrin? Is there no hope for me with her?"

I could not think there was, but I have many times since regretted that I did not at that moment endeavor to persuade myself and him that all might yet come right. My heart being full of hopelessness, however, I made no reply, but pulled down my veil to hide from my questioner the tears that were streaming from my eyes. A sudden overwhelming sadness had fallen upon me.

"I understand," he said, speaking with a weary, unsteady voice. "I hate this place. I have always felt that some dreadful fate was awaiting me here." With that he turned and left me, giving me no farewell greeting of any kind.

I took Frances to the upper part of the town next day, where we listened to the band playing for awhile; but the sun was hot, and she was ailing and confined to the house for nearly two days after this. On the evening of the second day we went out boating. We landed, after our excursion, underneath the old bridge. We saw Louis Carter up above us, leaning upon the wall as I had been doing when I met him.

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

SUPERSTITION.

A panacea, or "cure all," is one of the myths of the age of superstition. Dr. R. V. Pierce does not recommend any one or even his whole list of standard remedies as adequate to cure every disease. For severe lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and chronic lung diseases, he believes his Golden Medical Discovery is unsurpassed, but it will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption. [illegible] by reason of [illegible] the most valuable alterative, or blood-cleansing properties, and it is therefore a sovereign remedy in [illegible] and skin affections. [illegible] and other ulcers or sores, [illegible] tions. It will not cure [illegible] claim any such merit [illegible] of other blood-[illegible] try to deceive the afflicted [illegible] representations [illegible] tion of its real intrinsic merit [illegible] that of any other blood or single medicine.

Ladies who use cosmetics to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere.

and looking out into the far distance. By the time we had climbed the ascent he had entirely disappeared.

Frances became very ill that evening. The doctor said she was suffering from a low fever, which must have been hanging about her for a long time. She grew worse as the days went by, and she was at times delirious. I was obliged to get a nurse to assist me in caring for her. She was very weak, and as there was much cause for alarm, I wrote to summon Fenella back when she had been three weeks absent.

On the evening before I expected her return I went out for a lonely walk, feeling sad in need of some refreshing air. I went up the hill by the most unfrequented way, and then turned into a road leading down again to the sea behind the monastery, mentioned before.

A sweet-toned bell began to ring out when I had passed the grounds attached to this great building. I paused a moment to listen, and began to picture to myself the scenes within the chapel, such as I imagined it to be when the strangely-dressed worshippers gathered for vespers. A lane ran at right angles with the road upon which I was. One of the grey monks suddenly turned out of this and approached me. I moved to the inner part of the path to allow him room to pass, but, to my very great amazement, he paused at my side. He was a young man; he wore a long, soft, fair beard, and had gentle, compassionate eyes. I should as soon have expected to hear words from our old church steeple, and yet this stranger was actually addressing me. He spoke in clear and well modulated tones.

"I take a great liberty in troubling you thus," he began. "I believe, however, that you have a regard for a poor young man who has lost the money. My sympathies have been much awakened on his behalf. I would serve him if I could, but I know not how. Perhaps your husband could look after him. He is certainly not in a fit state to be left to himself. You may not be aware that he spends the greater part of every night now upon the old bridge."

With a low bow this strange new acquaintance of mine went his way, and from that day to this I have never seen him, to recognize him, again.

I hurried home full of renewed anxieties. I was intending to send John off at once in search of our unhappy friend, but when I reached the College I recollected that he was out, and would not be back until very late. He taught a class of young working men one evening in each week, and this night he was thus employed. I thought then of setting myself forth to call at the house occupied by Louis, but when I went indoors first, to inquire for Frances, I found she was worse, and had been asking for me. I could not leave her. Even had I been free the weather would now have interfered to hinder me from going out again. The sky had suddenly become overcast with clouds; rain had already begun to fall, and the wind was rising. There was every appearance of a coming storm.

I sat by Frances for an hour. She had been very weak and faint, but I hoped she was now sleeping. Her hand lay quietly in mine, and her eyes were closed. I was suddenly undeceived, however. She looked up and said, "I have been thinking of Mr. Carter. Do you believe that he really cares for me?"

"I know he does," I answered. And then I told her what he had asked me concerning her at our last meeting.

"Is there any news of the lost money yet?" she inquired, feebly.

"There is not," I said, with a heavy sigh.

We were silent for a while and then she asked me if I would write a note for her. "I don't think I could manage to do it for myself, now," she added, looking wistfully at her white, transparent hands.

"You may dictate a dozen letters to me to-morrow, if you will," I replied, with a rash impulsiveness, "but to-night you must sleep."

"I cannot rest until this one note is written," she said, wearily, and at last I humored her, and got writing materials together. Her short epistle ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Carter—I am very ill but when I get better I hope you will come and see me; and I hope also that next year you will send me another valentine, because I did not know that the one you sent this year was intended for me.

"I am very sorry about the money you have lost. I hope it will be found; but I have five hundred pounds of my own, and I want you very much to borrow this from me, until you get back your pocket-book. It will pay half of what you owe to the bank.

Yours sincerely, FRANCES PERRIN."

"Perhaps I ought to say, 'if I get better,'" my poor little patient said, slowly, when I had finished writing.

My voice grew husky as I kissed her and murmured; "We will leave it as it is."

"Then you think I may send this note?" she whispered.

"Why, not?" I replied. I felt as if Heaven were about to aid me in my purpose of administering consolation to Louis Carter, when I held this innocent and childish missive in my hand. "This letter will please the receiver much," I added. "John shall take it to him as soon as he returns home."

Now that Frances had her mind relieved for the moment she closed her eyes again, and really fell asleep this time, leaving me free to go downstairs.

When my husband came in he only waited to swallow a cup of tea before he set out on his new errand. He reappeared much sooner than I had expected. He was drenched with rain, and much fatigued, from wrestling with the storm now raging out of doors. His anxious face betrayed at once that he had no good news to tell. I took two letters out of his hands with an inquiring look.

"Read," he said, pointing to one, the envelope of which had been opened. The other cover contained, as I saw, the note I had lately penned. I drew forth a sheet of paper, and as I did so an enclosure fell upon the ground at my feet. John picked it up, and held before me the long-lost photograph, which I had so perplexed myself about. I read:

"Dear Friend—I am leaving this place for ever, and as it is not likely that we shall ever meet again in this world, I write to bid you and Mrs. Grey farewell. The enclosed photograph is for her. I took it off her drawing-room table, some months ago, when I cherished vain hopes of being able to win the original for my wife.

"I constrain myself now to restore this treasure, as I have thought that it was perhaps this small dishonesty which has been the cause of my affliction—which has brought upon me the imputation of the great crime, of which all must suspect me. The loss of this money has broken my heart.

"Ever yours faithfully, even to death,
"LOUIS CARTER."

"This was to have been brought to me to-morrow," my husband said. "Carter left early this evening on foot."

"I am sure we shall never see him alive again," I cried, tearfully. "The loss of the money has destroyed his reason as well as broken his heart. No man in his senses could imagine it was any sin to have taken this poor little likeness. And then just see how he has ended his letter!"

It was hard and dreary work to parry the gentle inquires made by Frances concerning the fate of her note. I am sure that she guessed that some new misfortune had occurred, of which she was not aware. Before morning a new and more violent and dangerous access of fever came on than any from which she had yet suffered.

Fenella arrived early the next day. I took her into my room, before allowing her to see her Frances, in order to warn her against making mention of Louis Carter in the sick chamber.

I was pleased to see the young girl back again, and she was most caressing and affectionate, and much subdued by her grief and anxiety about her sister. We sat close together, hand in hand, upon a low couch, while I related the history of all that had happened since she left. I concluded that she had not heard of the lost money, as, for many reasons, both Frances and I had studiously avoided mentioning the organist to Fenella in our letters. I therefore began at the beginning of, the story, but as I proceeded I saw, by the expression of her face, that I was telling her no news. There was a gleam of angry enjoyment in her eyes, I fancied, as I dwelt upon the distress and suffering caused by the disappearance of the pocket-book. At last I was shocked to see a smile of malicious pleasure hovering about her lips.

I dropped her hand suddenly. "Fenella," I cried, with bitter reproach in my voice, "will you never allow me to forgive you for all the trouble you have caused? for all the mischief you have done? Do you know that I believe the loss of this money has resulted in the death of Louis Carter, as good and honorable and kind a man as ever lived; and that it is most probable Frances will also die, when she discovers how matters are now?"

While I was speaking the bright glow of health faded quickly out of Fenella's face. Her features assumed an expression of horror and alarm, such as I have never seen displayed in any countenance before. She shrank away from me, uttering a moan of terrible distress. I knelt down beside her, and spoke more gently, being now full of self-reproach for my harshness. As soon as she could recover herself sufficiently, however, she rose up, and pushed me away from her. She then covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Do not touch me," she cried, passionately, shuddering as she spoke. "I can never be happy in my life again, for I am a murderer. I had his money safe all this time. I only kept it to revenge myself upon him."

It was as she said. When she got into the railway carriage at the junction, the evening she left Redchester, she had almost immediately found a pocket-book at her feet. She opened it, and saw that it contained a good deal of money; but she also perceived, at once, who the owner was; and, on the spot, she resolved to keep her discovery private for a time, so as to punish the organist for what she called his barbarous ill-treatment of her, by letting him think that his property was irretrievably lost. She had, of course, no idea that the notes really belonged to the Redchester bank, nor did she at all suspect their value, for she never gave more than a mere cursory glance at the contents of her prize.

"I thought it would be dishonorable to pry into his secrets," she sobbed forth now.

"I think your conscience must have also warned you that it was neither honorable nor Christian-like to delay, even for one unnecessary hour, restoring the pocket-book to its owner," I said sadly.

"It did, it did," she cried in an agony of remorse. "But I persuaded myself that it was all fair to punish him. I tried to think I was doing everything that was necessary when I brought the thing back, untouched, to you, to return to him."

It would be quite impossible for me to give any just idea of how terribly distressing I found that day.

Frances lay at death's door, and Fenella sat beside her, hour after hour, looking indescribably miserable; while I wandered about from room to room, unable to rest anywhere.

The weather was oppressively hot, and the scorching beams of the July sun were blazing in all directions. Towards evening, however, a light breeze sprang up, and came, wafting refreshment to us, from the west. I went out on the steps to enjoy it, when the twilight shadows were gathering over the half-deserted town.

I was leaning against the door-post, with my eyes closed, when I felt a hand upon my arm, although I heard no approaching footstep. I looked up, and saw, at my side, what I took, at first to be the wraith, or ghost, of my poor friend, Louis Carter. But it was he, himself. He wore no hat, and looked as though he had been fiercely buffeted by the storm of the previous night; his clothes were ladened with dust. He stood before me, stooping under the weight of unuterable weariness and depression.

"You see, I could not rest, after all, until I had bidden you farewell in person," he said. "I could not lie down in peace, also, without knowing for certain that Frances had gone before me. Some one had said she was dying, just before I went away from this. Was it true?"

"She is not dead," I said. "She sleeps, and will recover. Come and see her." I held his arm with both my hands and drew him within the doorway, up stairs and into my little friend's room. She was not sleeping, as I had fancied. She saw and recognized her lover at once, seeming in no way disconcerted or surprised at his strange and wild appearance.

"You have come at last, then," she said, softly. "I am so glad, and I am sure, now, that the money must soon be found."

"It has been found already," I cried, joyfully.

And thus everything came right in the end, after all; more right, at least, than could have been expected; for though Frances recovered, and married the man she loved, the Louis Carter who returned to us that evening was never again quite what he had once been. There are afflictions sent to some of us which leave a sting for ever, as regards this life. His trial had been of this description.

In this world it is hard to straighten that which has once been made crooked; and Fenella, with all her sincere and bitter repentance, could not restore physical strength and energy to the man she had injured. She has been much sobered and improved by all that has happened, and she has lately married my brother.

Thus neither of the girls became a governess.

Eighty Years in a Theatre.

One of those curious figures whereof Paris seems to enjoy the specialty, disappeared the other day from the scene of life. It was the oldest habitue of the Comedie Francaise, who died at the age of ninety-seven, having passed nearly every evening of his life at that theatre for eighty years. The day before his death he occupied his customary place in the orchestra stalls. He was known as M. Blondin, from the fact that he always wore a blonde wig. He paid his first visit to that theatre at the age of seventeen, and a few years later, being commissioned to take charge of the seat of a gentleman who wished to leave it for a few moments, he received a challenge from a would-be interloper, fought a duel and was wounded. The gentlemen whose rights he had so valorously defended died some years later and bequeathed him a very handsome fortune. He afterwards married; but his habit of passing every evening at the theatre brought discord to the household, and his wife and himself agreed to an amicable separation after five years of matrimony. He was small of stature and of delicate physique, and during the latter years of his life was withered and dried, like a mummy. He was accustomed to attribute his good health and longevity to his regular habits, and particularly to the tranquil and intellectual manner in which his evenings were spent.

THE moment we quit the path of prudence, and become unable to use our judgement, our passions hurry us headlong; human weakness seeks its relief in yielding to their forces; and insensibly we find ourselves launched on the wide deep, destitute of rudder and tackle, and the sport of every waves.

SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

A fair head meekly bowed,
A shy glance coming after,
Voices not over loud,
And a low, sweet laughter:
So is the story told
Up in the cottage old
Under the smoky rafter.

A fair maid flushing red
With an unknown feeling,
But shamed to bow her head
For all her lover's kneeling:
So is the story told
Down 'mid the white and gold
Under the painted ceiling.

Barbara Dallender's Vow

BY A. H. B.

At the open French window of a pretty cottage orne, about twenty miles from London, a young girl sat in a low, cushioned chair, winding a skein of scarlet silk.

On the carpet at her feet lay a young man, holding the skein for her. It was a warm August day, and as the bright sunrays fell upon the glossy heads of the youthful pair, the picture was an attractive one. The merest novice could not have failed to observe that the old-fashioned process properly known as courting was in its full course of development.

"Barbara," said the young man, "you are an angel, and I adore you!"

"The more fool you," said Barbara.

"Why so?"

"I don't want my husband to adore me. Angels are not qualified to make good wives. I could cook him a beefsteak pudding and sew on his shirt buttons, I've no doubt; but I've no notion of being stuck upon a pedestal, and worshipped as blindly as ever the Israelites worshipped the golden calf!"

"Barb, my darling, what a strange girl you are!"

"Very probably," said Barbara, phlegmatically.

Barbara Dallender was a rather tall, rather stout, rather fair girl of about two and twenty, with a profusion of tawny, red-gold hair tumbling about her shoulders in such luxuriance that, had she been French, it would probably have secured for her the sobriquet of "La Lionne." She was a good-natured, good-hearted, good-looking, merry girl, with decidedly "no nonsense about her." Barbara's chief characteristic was common sense. She was the only child of a retired naval officer, whose wife had died at Barbara's birth, leaving him this one precious legacy.

Captain Dallender was poor, but his slender income, turned to the best account by his daughter and their one middle-aged domestic, who served as cook, housekeeper, and general factotum, maintained the three in comfort.

Lionel Vaughan, on the other hand, was the heir of a rich city merchant who grudged his son—Lionel, like Barbara, was an only child—no luxury whatever. It was a bad school for the young man, tending to dwarf the good qualities which he actually possessed, and to bring into undue prominence the indolent and selfish characteristics of spoilt young manhood.

Nevertheless, so naturally good was Lionel Vaughan's disposition that he had not as yet been altogether despoiled by indulgence. He was at present four and twenty years of age, and as he lay there at Barbara's feet, holding the skein of silk that she was winding, his graceful figure extended almost at full length you would not have wished to see a fairer specimen of youthful manhood. He had thrown aside his straw hat, and the jet-black silky masses of his waving hair showed to great advantage. His eyes, which were of a rich, deep violet color, were brilliant, and at the same time full of tenderness; but his chief attraction was a remarkably winning smile, which appeared to light up the whole of his sunburnt face, disclosing as it did so a set of white and beautifully even teeth, that a court beauty might have envied. Barbara, with all of her common sense, was not above the prejudices of her sex in favor of masculine beauty, and it must be owned that Lionel Vaughan sat very near to her heart indeed.

"Leo, you're a good fellow, after all," continued the young girl, patting Lionel very gently on the shoulder with her small white hand, as she looked with a woman's admiration into his handsome face. "You want but one qualification to make you a very tolerable husband, as husbands go."

"What might that be, Barby?" asked the young man, playfully.

"To be poor, to be sure."

"To be poor!" exclaimed Lionel, aghast.

"Yes," repeated Barbara, emphatically, "to be poor—to have to earn your bread before you eat it—to exchange that fashionable blue coat and spotless waistcoat for a clerk's gray tweed or a working man's suit of fustian, and that golden-headed cane for a pen and desk or a basket of tools. Then you would turn out a model Newman Noggs—without his love of spirits, of course—or a second Adam Bede!"

"Barbara!"

"And," continued Barbara, laughing archly, and holding up her pretty forefinger, from which the silk had been some time disengaged "instead of ransacking your father's hothouses for grapes and choice flowers for me, you would come home tired out with honest work and as tired as a hunter, and bring me a two-penny bunch of stocks or wallflowers, that I should value just as much as these heliotropes and stephanotis, and I should pour out your tea and cook your rasher of bacon, and be, not an angel, but a woman, and you would be my own dear husband and a true man. Come, that's a pleasant picture now, isn't it?"

"Upon my word, Barby," exclaimed young Vaughan, delightedly, as he took the old, old lover's privilege without much opposition, "there never was such a dear girl as you, I do believe!"

"Ah," said Barbara, "I don't mind you thinking that. I only object to being canonized or etherealized. I like to work hard—I want to work hard—and I'll never marry a man who doesn't work hard. I vow I will not!"

"Barbara! Then what's to become of me?"

"Hem," said Barbara, reflectively, "I didn't think of you. The vow is made, and I'll abide by it. You must work hard, Leo, that's all."

"I—work—hard!" returned the young man, disconsolately, and dropping each word from his lips as if it burned them.

"Yes; you—work—hard!" mimicked Barbara, laughing heartily at her lover's doleful face. "It is the appointed lot of man to toil; and there are a thousand ways in which a man can work hard, without absolutely toiling in his shirt sleeves. Above all, Leo, never call me an angel any more."

"Other girls like it."

"I don't want to be like other girls, then," said Barbara. "Take a woman's word for it, we're no more angels than you men are. And if you come to that, you're wrong in making angels feminine at all. I never heard of one. But we've good authority for masculine angels. There was the angel Gabriel, and the angel Michael, and the angel Raphael!"

"Barb, you would provoke a saint!"

"In that case I should provoke myself, as you call me a saint!"

"I said angel!"

"Oh, well, saints or angels, it's equally ridiculous to apply such hyperbolical terms to poor humanity."

Mrs. Winningly, the house factotum, here tapped at the door, and put in her head.

"Miss Barbara, will you please to come and see to the preserving plums?"

The young couple burst out laughing heartily.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed Barbara, mock-heroically; from celestial beings to terrestrial plums. 'Oh, what a falling off is there!' Well, I must go!"

And before the young man could put in another word, Barbara's white dress and blue ribbons were flittering out of the room.

Lionel Vaughan got lazily up, and stretched himself.

"She's an ang— No, a brick of a girl, I mean. After all, she's right. A fellow doesn't want an angel to look after his house, but a loving woman; and I daresay a fellow's all the better for having the nonsense knocked out of him. I almost wish I'd got to work hard for that dear girl, instead of having an income made to hand." Here some dim visions of Jacob's long servitude for Rachel flitted through his mind. "Fellows who have to work somehow seem more the real articles than we drones, who only feed on the honey our fathers have laid up for us."

And Lionel Vaughan sauntered musingly out of the French window on to the lawn, whistling, "Cherry Ripe," as his slim and graceful figure disappeared among the clumps of magnolias.

"Barbara, my dear," said Capt. Dallender to his daughter, as they sat at breakfast about a month after the above-mentioned conversation, "I've got sad news for you!"

And the kindhearted old gentleman looked grave and discomposed as he buttered his morning roll.

"Pray tell me what it is at once, papa," said Barbara, changing color, and looking up in a startled manner from the teacups with which she was busied. "I can't endure suspense!"

"I heard it last evening, my dear; but I didn't want to spoil your night's rest by telling you. Poor Vaughan is utterly ruined, I fear."

"Lionel?"

"No, no—his father. Unlucky speculations, loss of several ships not properly insured, and I don't know what all. But as to Lionel, of course, if his father is ruined, he's ruined too. The lad's been brought up to nothing, and he's fit for nothing. Barb, my dear, it must be all over between him and you."

"Papa," exclaimed Barbara, indignantly, "I never knew you to be mercenary before."

"To be prudent is not to be mercenary, my child. I can give you nothing myself, and I will not give my daughter away to a man who cannot support her."

Barbara was silent a moment, and then she said—

"But, papa, we live now on less than four hundred a year, and I can't expect, any more than I wish, to marry a rich man."

"A rich man? No, my dear; but—"

"You were going to let me marry a rich man!" interrupted Barbara. "For if Mr. Vaughan was not ruined Lionel would be rich."

"That's neither here nor there now, Barby. Your husband must have a sufficient income to support you."

"And you wouldn't object to his earning it, papa?"

"On the contrary. I should honor him the more for so doing."

"You like Lionel, don't you, papa?"

"I both like and esteem him, or I should not have given my consent to your marrying him. But now that he has no visible means of livelihood I must act and think prudently for my only child."

Barbara sighed.

"So then, papa, you'll still let me marry Lionel if he can earn a sufficient income."

"Yes, when he can earn three hundred a year I'll renew my consent."

Barbara clapped her hands joyfully.

"I never knew you to break your word, papa. Now I'll tell you a secret. I told Lionel a month ago that I would only marry a poor man."

"Barbara!" exclaimed the captain, who in his heart was chagrined at losing a rich son-in-law.

"I did. I've made a vow to that effect. Now you see it's Fate, papa, and Fate has determined that I am to have Lionel. For if he had continued rich how could I have married him without breaking my vow?"

"Barbara," said her father, gravely, "it is very foolish—nay, very wicked—for young girls, or indeed for anyone, to make such rash vows."

"I know it is, papa dear," said Barbara, penitently, "but somehow the words escaped me before I knew what I was saying. You'll see it will all come right. There is more in Lionel than you think for."

The captain cut himself a slice of ham and shook himself dubiously.

"May be so, my dear; but I must have some tangible proof of it before I can believe it. His mistaken bringing up has taken all the energy out of him."

"You'll see he'll earn your good opinion now, papa," returned Barbara, confidently.

"I hope so," said the captain, in a tone which sounded like "I don't think so."

Barbara rose.

"It's ten o'clock, papa."

"Well, there's no hurry, is there, my dear?"

"But, papa, you forget that every morning at ten Lionel takes me for a walk."

The captain started.

"Ah, I had forgotten. But these walks must cease now, Barbara."

"Papa, dear!" remonstrated poor Barbara. "Are we to turn our backs on a friend directly we hear that he is unfortunate?"

And the tears stood in her eyes.

"No, no," said the captain, feeling sorely perplexed how to act, "of course not. I don't want to break off acquaintanceships with the Vaughans. I only want it to be understood that the engagement between you young people must be considered at an end for the present, and that consequently these walks must cease. It was not improper whilst you were engaged, but it would be so now. You may go for to-day, Barbara, but you must make Lionel understand this."

"Very well, papa," said Barbara, as she kissed him before leaving the room.

For confident of her lover's ability, and having her father's word pledged to her that she might renew her engagement with young Vaughan when he had a prospect of supporting a wife, she felt by no means unhappy.

"I'd much rather Leo worked for his living than not," she said to herself, as she crossed the lawn to the garden gate, where he was awaiting her.

For a few minutes they strolled on down the lane in silence, both their hearts too full to speak. At last Lionel burst out, desperately—

"You have heard all, Barby, darling?"

"Yes," said Barbara, softly, and with a world of sympathy in her voice, as she raised her eyes to his.

"I would have told you all last night," continued the young man, in a broken voice, "as soon as the foreign mails came in. But my father would not let me. He met yours in the lane, and he said it would be better you should hear the truth from Captain Dallender."

Barbara pressed his hand, but did not speak.

"It must be over between us, I suppose," said poor Lionel, with something very like a sob. "You'll cease to love me now, Barby!"

"Never!" said Barbara, so emphatically, that the young man started and looked at her with increased hope awakening in his heart. "I'm glad you are poor, Leo."

"Barbara!"

"What did I tell you a month ago?" said Barbara, speaking fast and excitedly. "Didn't I vow to marry a poor man? Oh, Leo, I'll speak out now. I love you—I love you with my whole heart."

The young man caught her to his heart and held her in a strong emotion. And the tears that fell in that quiet country lane were not all Barbara's.

After a short but blissful silence, Lionel said with an attempt at a smile:

"I am not quite ruined, darling. Since you wish to marry a poor man, I can offer you three hundred a year."

"Three hundred a year! cried Barbara, in ecstacy. "Oh, Leo, Leo! Papa told me this very morning that this must be our last walk; but he gave me his word that as soon as ever you could earn three hundred a year he would allow us to renew our engagement."

"A large mercantile house, that has had vast dealings with my father," continued young Vaughan, "and that has had experience of his ability and integrity, has offered him in his misfortune the post of manager, and me of foreign corresponding clerk. I am fit for that you know, as I understand French, German, Italian and Spanish thoroughly well."

"Ah," said Barbara, drawing a deep breath, "I never thought I could be so happy. This is heaven's doing, Leo. We shall be far happier than if you were rich. The rich never seem to me to be really happy, or very seldom. There is always something wanting. Let us go at once and tell papa these happy tidings."

"Not yet, darling—not yet. Let me have you to myself a few minutes more."

"Well, just to the end of the common, and then as we turn back we shall probably meet papa, for he comes this way to smoke his morning cigar."

They strolled on and had scarcely reached the first clump of furze which skirted the common when they observed a commotion in front of some of the whitewashed cottages in which the farm laborers dwelt. As they drew near they perceived a crowd of men and boys running towards them, shouting and gesticulating in a very excited fashion.

"What can it be?" said Barbara, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, I see," answered Lionel. "They are hunting and hooting that poor tired dog."

And he pointed towards a large grey and white shepherd's colley, which panting grievously, and with tongue extended, was making for them in a straight line.

"The cruel, ignorant boors!" exclaimed Barbara, indignantly. "The heat and fright will drive it frantic. Poor thing! how thirsty it must be!"

And as she spoke she took off her straw hat, and filling it with water from one of the common ponds, offered it to the terrified animal, who had now reached her feet, and was regarding her with a dull, sullen, stupefied look that had something in it very appalling.

All at once the truth flashed on Lionel Vaughan's mind.

The dog was mad!

Struck with horror, he attempted to pull Barbara forward. But it was too late. She had stooped to offer the dog her hatful of water, and in so doing had turned up the sleeve of her muslin dress. With a low, ominous growl, the animal flew at her savagely, and the next moment his teeth were fixed in her plump white arm.

Barbara shrieked, and fell half fainting to the ground.

"He be mad, he be, that dorg," screamed the group of laborers, rushing up in a state of terrific excitement, "and he ha' bitten the young leddy."

And one of them with a pitchfork killed the wretched animal on the spot.

Lionel Vaughan remembered that there was a large laundry close at hand, where there were usually at least a dozen women at work. With almost superhuman strength for Barbara, as has been stated, was tall and stout he half led, half carried the nearly insensible girl thither, the crowd following in a state of intense curiosity, sympathy, and excitement.

Hurrying Barbara into the laundry Lionel seized the heater of one of the Italian irons which the laundry maids were employing for the purpose of crimping frills, and applied it to her arm.

The fair white flesh hissed and sputtered beneath the cruel ordeal, but Barbara bore the pain bravely, although almost fainting with the torture.

The next moment, in a great agitation, Captain Dallender entered the laundry. He had been sauntering leisurely down the lane, smoking his cigar, as Barbara had anticipated, and meeting two or three of the rustic laborers, had been speedily, and with much exaggeration, informed of what had happened to his daughter. With that most unamiable haste to convey ill news that is common to the lower classes, poor Captain Dallender had been told that his daughter was "nigh tore to pieces, and a dyin' fast."

Half distracted with grief and anxiety, the unhappy father dispatched one of the gaping rustics for a doctor, the messenger being stimulated to speed by the gift of a crown piece, and himself hastened to his daughter's assistance. A glance sufficed to show him that matters were not so desperate as he had feared, and the laundry maids in shrill chorus were loud in praises of the presence of mind shown by Lionel Vaughan.

Still, the bite of a rabid dog is at all times a serious thing, and by no means to be made light of, and great was the anxiety both of father and lover until the village doctor arrived. He pronounced that, owing to the prompt measures taken by Lionel Vaughan for cauterizing the wound in her arm, no ill effects were likely to accrue to Barbara. And so indeed it proved.

Captain Dallender no longer doubted that Lionel Vaughan possessed energy, although the circumstances of a too indulgent education had hitherto caused that very valuable faculty to be dormant. Indeed, in after years, when Lionel had become a thriving and prosperous merchant, Captain Dallender was wont to tell his grandchildren that their father was "one of the most energetic men he ever knew." Moreover, as the captain's word was pledged to his daughter that whenever Lionel could earn three hundred a year, he would no longer oppose their union, there was no further reason for delaying the marriage.

Lionel Vaughan and his wife resided with the captain, for in these days of railways it was easy for the young clerk to make the journey to and from London. So the father and daughter were not parted, and Barbara was enabled to marry the man of her choice without breaking her vow.

HOUSEKEEPER.

TO CURE EAR-ACHE.—Ear-ache may be relieved by dropping a little sweet oil and laudanum, warm, into the ear and applying hot salt in flannel bags. [illegible]

[illegible]

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

PARIS, June 15.—The Grand Prix being [illegible] the season for departures, and all the [illegible] will soon have left Paris. [illegible]

[illegible]

FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 26th.—The stagnation which [illegible]

[illegible]

GOD has made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a more magnificent building; all the stones are gradually cemented together. There is no one subsists by himself alone.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1877
CENTENNIAL EDITION

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1877

A FORGOTTEN HUMORIST.

In these days when popular comic writers claim that they are neglected because some of their productions are not well received, it may not be out of place to recall a humorist, once a great favorite but now utterly forgotten, except by a few old stagers and the students of our country's literary history. We allude to Joseph C. Neal, the author of "Charcoal Sketches," a plain, unpretending man, who made his mark in his time by sheer force of genius. Neal was a Philadelphian and a journalist. He was attached to the staff of the Pennsylvanian, a Democratic newspaper, and, personally, was much liked by his confreres of the press. His once famous "Charcoal Sketches" appeared in the Pennsylvanian as fancy leads, and attracted great attention from their quiet but exceedingly striking humor.

Neal was a close observer of men and things, particularly of those men and things figuring in the common places of life in a great city, and he wrote about them con amore, his sketches literally sparkling with descriptions of odd people and curious scenes. His style was easy and fluent, and was characterized by no small degree of finish and elegance. He excelled in drawing what he called night scenes, in which outcast disciples of Bacchus and their natural foes the watchmen—the "Charleys" of his time —figured conspicuously. But Neal could write a charming society sketch, that is a sketch of society in the humbler grades of life, and the few productions of this class that he has left behind him have somewhat of the Dickens flavor, as, for instance, "Jo Fowler, Only One," setting forth the memorable experience of that "fat little man," Berry Huckel, otherwise known as Huckel Berry, and that other equally entertaining effort "'Tis Only My Husband."

Occasionally, too, Neal touched on histrionic subjects, bringing out all the humor connected with them with admirable art. His principal sketch in that line bears the unsuggestive name of "Garden Theatricals," but suggestive now, because even the traditions of the Tivoli Garden Theatre, at Broad and Market streets, in this city, have long since faded away. But that sketch is worthy of a more attractive title, for it is most admirable, and those who once read it will not soon forget the debut of that aspiring amateur, Theodore Spoon, sometimes called T. Spoon, as the Melancholy Dane, or the Tragedy of his friend, Winkins, the tragedian, and its rather mournful consequences.

"Music Mad," "Ripton Rommey," "The Crooked Disciple," "Olympus Pump," and "The Best-Natured Man in the World" are sketches of sufficient humor to set the most stoical readers laughing. But Neal wrote nothing commonplace, for he seemed to have made up his mind from the start that what was worth doing at all, was worth doing well. In some of his sketches, usually in the introductory portions, Neal has shown a wealth of quaint philosophical reasoning, in which fun and wisdom are inextricably entangled together, but he never gives too great a dose of philosophy, only enough to put people in a good humor from its oddity, and the singularity of its application to the topic in hand.

Joseph C. Neal cannot be called a great writer, but he was a very good one: an artist of the grand school of the humorists now before the public of the United States, and it is hardly fair that he should be forgotten and passed over as he is. To be sure, he is not represented by voluminous works, but if he has not left quantity behind him, he has, at least, left quality. In those days of the celebrity of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and others of their stamp, it is not just that the fine and writings of Joseph C. Neal should be suffered to remain in oblivion.

OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

Until within a very few years, England has led the world in out-door amusements, and the English have been the most athletic race on the surface of the globe. We are, however, happy to be able to say, in all sincerity, that the people of Great Britain have to-day rivals in our own, in respect to out-door exercises and athletic sports generally, of no mean standing.

Of course, when this country was first settled, the pioneers of our civilization and progress were obliged, by virtue of circumstances and the manner of life they led in the American wilderness, to be athletic, robust fellows, but the desire of out-door exercise departed, at least in the towns, with the more pressing necessity for it, and the descendants of the settlers became the revilers of action, so far as field sports were concerned.

But England did not stop where the Colonies did; on the contrary, the English made further advances in all kinds of out-door exercise and in-door gymnastics, until the university and college men of that nation, as well as the British people at large, acquired a name for athletic superiority that until very lately has never been equaled.

Possibly the first start that Americans of the past few years had in the way of out-door sports was in the direction of base ball. This game enlisted the admiration and enthusiasm of the younger portion of our people, and, in a short time, became here what cricket had long been in England. Before the introduction of base ball, we had had, first, the gymnasiums and, second, the barge and yacht clubs, but none of these had ever attained, in even an approximate degree, the universal popularity of what may now be called our national out-door sport.

Base ball, however, gave us the impetus, and was followed up by active participation by our people in all kinds of out-door athletic amusements, until, at the present time, the Americans may fairly be said to rival the English as a nation of athletes. Thus skill and physique as commendable as remarkable, for out-door exercises being in their train a robustness of health that no truly great people can be content to do without.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

The richest, quaintest and wisest proverbs of any nationality are those of Spain. In that country where Spanish is confined to mediocre French novelettes and national ballads, the proverb has grown into a species of belles letters, and is a veritable exponent of national manners and character.

These proverbs, many of them as antique as history itself, many of them of Moorish origin and many invented and coined on the spur of the moment, are interesting, as showing the traits of mind of this strange people, a people, who, it must be borne in mind, are denizens of an arid and thirsty country, and are one of the most picturesque nationalities on earth.

Their language, of Latin stock and Moorish interlardings, like the people, is poetic and oriental in the highest degree, and it is in their wonderful proverbs that this language becomes crystallized into forms of original beauty and vigor. We will merely mention a few specimens of these idioms of the rabble, which are noted for their terse sense and suggestiveness: "If madness were painful, what a roaring there would be." "Let the idle man build a ship or marry a wife."

These indolent, labor-detesting people have many such maxims as: "Swim and swim, and die on the banks." What could represent more fitly the inutility of exertion?

Here are some significant maxims: "In every day's journey there are three leagues of heart-breaking." "The Jew whipped his son for winking the first time." "Daughter Garcia, you look well and you eat well." "Water that runs long will turns no mill." "He is very punctual,—at dinner." "When wolves eat each other there is not much in the forest." "Many mouths and no bread is God's curse." The last is a significant expression of the plain peasantry overburdened with toil and large families.

Here is a rich one: "It was left in the ink-stand." There is so much of this sort of laches in literature, now a days, that this proverb can be applied with a great deal of appropriateness. There is a great deal "left in the ink-stand."

We add a few more: "Three things kill a man—love, a hot supper and trouble." "The over clean Arcapo people who was their mules' tails." "He is not worth his ears full of water." The latter is preeminently the proverb of a thirsty land.

We might add numerous other instances of these piquant maxims, did space permit. We think that we call attention to the Spanish proverbs, and to their value as suggestive of national character, and also of the poverty of a national literature, which renders the proverbial form of speech so common in that land of limited education and narrow prejudices.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Every reader in the land has, no doubt, heard of the famous Paris sewers which stretch for miles and miles, and that is a great city, but few know that, whilst excellent for draining and keeping pure the French capital, they are the fruitful cause of much sickness in the neighborhoods where their contents are finally discharged. The sewage is now carried by means of great pipes four miles below Paris, and there emptied into the river Seine. This fills up the stream at the of rate 10,000,000 cubic feet per year, besides charging it with impurities highly prejudicial to the health of those dwelling in the vicinity. This state of things, after going on without remedy for a series of years, has at length attracted the attention of the French governors. Officials have taken the sewage matter in hand, and are experimenting in two directions, namely, clarifying the drainage before the discharge into the Seine, and utilizing it as a fertilizer. Sulphate of aluminum is put into the vats through which the sewage is conducted, thus rendering the water pure and colorless. A system of conduits has also been formed to test the sewage in the fields. The most effective results thus far obtained are irate farmers holding their noses, foul well-water, incipient cases of malaria, and tasteless vegetables. So the authorities are in a fix. The experiments in England have been more successful, and prominent gardeners say sewage, if properly managed, makes a fine fertilizer. The French are an exceedingly ingenious people and will not allow their neighbors, and particularly their English neighbors, to outdo them in anything. Hence they will probably eventually succeed in rendering the sewers of Paris not only innocuous to the surrounding country, but also mines of wealth, and potent auxiliaries for the fertilization of the land.

Those accustomed to seeing the placid Chinamen at work at their ironing-boards in our great cities would never, for an instant, suspect what demons they are capable of becoming if their religious fury is once excited. Fortunately, that fury has never yet been excited in this country and probably never will be, but in China the case is altogether different. At the present time there are frequent religious quarrels in the Flowery Kingdom, and these often lead to sanguinary battles between rival villages, the people of which are the worshippers of different idols. A Christian missionary has recently written one of these broils. He says: "This deadly feud has now continued up ward of a year. It began through heathen practices, and is carried on heathenishly. Two idolatrous processions, coming from nearly opposite directions, were conveying their gods to and, as it was then met they fought for precedence, each party maintaining that their idol was the more worthy to take the lead. Thirty-two villages were at first involved in the quarrel that ensued, but now only two are actively fighting. Lately, they have each obtained a piece of cannon, and, as their funds allow, they open fire upon one another; a house next to the Mission Chapel was almost unroofed by one of these shots a few days before I was there. Naturally, the Christians have suffered greatly because they will not subscribe for the buying of powder and shot. For a while they have refused all, though many times threatened with assassination, and have lost their crops of rice and potatoes. They have shown a thoroughly Christian spirit throughout, and have offered to subscribe twice as much as other persons for a neutral project, provided they are not required to give money to continue the feud. In two cases, at least, the long quarrel has caused insanity. One of these I met myself. While crossing the earth works, between the hostile villages, I passed a mad woman who stood alone in the empty fields, raving about the disaster which the fighting had caused. She asked me if I had come to help the fighting, and warned me of the evil of doing so. It is impossible to say when this sad affair will close, and the native brethern be again in peace. There is no prospect at present of such an event. The nearest Mandarian resides at a distance of six miles, and does not interfere, and it suits the purpose of the village head-men to continue the struggle."

The London Pall Mall Gazette has the following, which will interest pigeon fanciers, as well as those who delight in studying all improvements connected with the art of war: "A curious item, in the military estimates of the greater military powers of Europe, is the sum now set down annually for the providing and maintenance of a certain number of pigeon-breeding establishments and houses. The large German fortresses of Cologne, Metz, Mayence, Strasburg, and others are all supplied with a considerable of pigeons, and in France great efforts have been and still are being made to insure that there shall be a good stock of these birds in every garrison town. The idea which had been frequently mooted of utilizing carrier pigeons as the bearers of military dispatches was first worked out in practice during the investments of Paris and Metz in the late Franco-German war. No sight was the more sketch than the Germans over all the approaches leading into the fortresses, that in fact no other messengers could enter the beleaguered towns. Balloons could leave the cities, and, passing high in the air over the investing lines, deposit their burdens in the open country; but aeronautics are not yet sufficiently developed to allow the reverse operation to be carried out. Pigeons, however, could be trusted, under certain easily fulfilled conditions, to return with all speed to their homes; and, consequently, numbers of them were taken out of Paris in balloons, to be subsequently laden with dispatches, with which they then returned to the capital. The dispatches or messages were tied round the necks of the pigeons; but it was found that, when this was done, many of the birds returned without their dispatches, having probably got rid of them during the course of their flight. The plan was, therefore, adopted of reducing the dispatches, by the aid of photography, to the smallest possible dimensions, and enclosing them in a quill which was then fastened under one of the larger feathers of the pigeon's wing. By this means not only was the loss of the dispatches avoided, but they were also protected from partial destruction or obliteration by the weather."

In a former number of the Post, we advocated the formation of literary clubs and reading rooms, in the various villages and towns throughout the United States, and fully set forth the advantages that would immediately spring from their organization. We now again refer to the subject, but simply with the intention to impress forcibly upon our readers that now is the time to talk the matter over between themselves, and decide upon the plan of operations to be pursued. Reformers, who wish to see their friends and neighbors ornaments of the community in which they reside, cannot do better than promote the formation and growth of literary clubs and reading rooms in their vicinity. literary clubs and reading rooms to which both young and old, male and female, may resort with equal pleasure and profit during the long evenings of the dull and inclement winter season.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, "The Camp-Fires of Napoleon," by Henry C. Watson. In his preface, Mr. Watson says: "In this work the author has endeavored to place the historical eye more vividly than the so-termed dignity of ordinary history permits, the most striking scenes and remarkable personages of Napoleon's astonishing career of glory, to show the greatest warrior of any age in the field, and at the nightly bivouacs—upon the fertile plains of Piedmont, in the shadow of the Egyptian pyramids, in the forests of Germany, and on the frozen plains of Russia, surrounded by his galaxy of splendid generals, his military family—to illustrate a passage in the history of Europe, while drifting across and above fanciful characters, has, perhaps, no parallel." The work embraces in its scope the entire military career of Napoleon, inasmuch as Toulon, where the young lieutenant of artillery first conquered above the horizon of history, to Waterloo, where he met his last crushing defeat. Mr. Watson gives rather uncommonly and rare-indeed views of Napoleon's private and even home life in the field, but this fact tends to make his book only the more readable and interesting. The work, however, is entirely true to history and can be relied on as a statement of actual happenings. It gives an admirable insight into the characters and actions of Napoleon's most prominent marshals and amply shows how they attached themselves to their great leader by innumerable acts of personal bravery. The Camp Fires of Napoleon" is richly illustrated, and is printed in large type on a fine quality of paper. It is in every way a handsome book, both in binding, and pages. We would advise all lovers of warlike realities to read it.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have just published "Tangled," by Rachel Carew. This is a novel of the day, and decided interest. The plot is compact and well developed, and all the characters vividly sketched. Rachel Carew is a publishers' reader, and her style is remarkably clear and free from the pretentiousness that usually cling to female novelists. She is especially successful with her dialogues in the present novel, and the reader finds himself or herself in the book and grow tedious or dull. "Tangled" is gotten up in thoroughly attractive style, both as regards paper and paper. It is one volume, small quarto, 192 pages, and is beautifully bound in cloth. Price one dollar per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The July number of Potter's American Monthly is a very good and wide-awake as usual to the interest of the reading public. It will be welcomed by all who admire the good, the true, and the beautiful, as shown in Literature, Art, Science, Travels, Adventure, Romance, History or Biography. Lovers of the quaint and curious will find much to amuse and instruct in this issue. We notice several additions to the list of contributors, which represent the best minds and finest culture in the country. This magazine is entitled to its steadily increasing patronage, as it is a representative publication, devoted chiefly to American topics, American interests, and employs principally American talent. It is illustrated type graphical work, style and form it is all that could be asked, and for the subscription price is only three dollars a year.

Messrs. Porter & Coates have published "Battle of the Kegs" by Francis Hopkinson, and Henry W. Harrison. This work, which is illustrated by one hundred and fifty engravings, is a highly interesting resume of American military and naval history from the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775, to the end of the Mexican, to the struggle before the City of Mexico, which ended the famous Mexican war. It is not long enough to be tedious or many pages in the compass of one duodecimo volume of 448 pages; but Mr. Harrison has done his work in the most thorough and satisfactory manner. Whilst not entirely exhaustive in its scope, for which it could not well be, his work succeeds admirably in giving a fascinating coup d' œil of the most striking parts of the military history of the country's career. History and anecdote are mingled in the most pleasant fashion, and a large amount of really useful information is given. This work should be read by everybody. It should be placed on the shelves of the United States. It is bound in good style and bound in cloth.

Messrs. Porter & Coates send us a neat volume called "Suggestions for Home Decoration," by Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. This work is a handy book for the mistress and occupant of houses of the smaller kind, what they may do to render their dwellings attractive to the eye, and pleasant to the occupant. The design is rather to offer a few simple rules for general guidance than to interfere with individual taste in minute particulars. The authoresses have given their attention in a thorough manner to the subject, and their work is well planned, and their book will be found of great value. It is appropriately illustrated, and nicely gotten up in flexible cloth binding. The volume, 12mo. size, 90 pages. This work forms the second volume of the "Art at Home" Series.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, two pieces of new music, as follows: "The Bill," a song and dance. Reynolds Withers, music by F. J. Hatton. This song has the merit of being very taking. Boeing melody. The words are pretty and suitable. Of moderate difficulty. "Oh! the Fields of Barley," by Stephen C. Foster and Geo. Cooper Lee. This song is rhythmical and sweet both as to words and melody. Difficult. Both these songs will, no doubt, achieve a ready and well-merited sale.

PERSONAL.

Francis Murphy is to speak at Round Lake on July 18 and 17.

The Narragansett Gun Club begin shooting at pigeons this month.

The Saratoga and Saratoga has just put up an endless chain fire escape.

Winfield S. Russel Esq., of Russel & Mason, has sufficiently recovered to travel unusually light just now, even for this season.

The hotel arrivals report travel unusually light just now, even for this season.

The town of Long Branch is a four hours' coach to run to town twice a day.

Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist and composer, has had a stroke of paralysis.

Dr. J. G. Holland, his wife, son and two daughters, are in Europe for a few months.

Charles Reade's new book, "The Jilt," is a tale of some of his peculiar romantic impossibilities.

Mr. Beecher wants to preside at the National Congregational Conference at Detroit this fall. But there is likely to be opposition.

Chief Justice Waite has accepted an invitation to be present at the Vermont Centennial celebration at Bennington on the 19th inst. Jennings of Bennington Centre a former college class mate.

In the Yale class of 1837, W. M. Evarts, Senator Allen, Senator Stillman and Edwards Pierrepont graduated. Samuel J. Tilden was for a time a member of the class, but did not graduate.

The last of the Bonaparte family, Mr. Halberton, author of "Helen's Babies," is called "The Scripture Club of Valley Rest. His next book will be called "Other People's Children." It will have a more appropriate purpose than "The Scripture Club" has.

Professor Lubitsch, of Berlin, has invented a new musical instrument, which is said to be capable of discerning east from, and to have the flavor of a delicate duck. As an after dinner drink it is valuable, but Mr. Beecher could not object to it.

By direction of the Secretary of War, John Hamilton, son of Secretary of State, and a recent graduate at the West Point Military Academy, has been appointed Second Lieutenant in the Fourteenth Regiment of Company C, of the Trade regiment of cavalry, of the army of the United States.

An Unpleasant Predicament.

The Washington Sunday Gazette records the following: "Last Thursday evening two well known young society gentlemen of this city, one accompanied by his pretty wife, who is one of the prettiest belles of the past season, and a pretty friend of the latter, left the Anacostia ferry-house for a pleasure trip up the river. They proceeded pleasantly enough until near the "Three Sisters," when the storm came up, and quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson" an umbrella. This was a dilemma—a dilemma is something which is wholly unexpected—which the ladies, of course, met quickly by the Georgetown College boat-house, which they reached in safety, but not before they were quite dark, but the young husband found the ladder leading to the upper story and speedily assisted his lady and friend inside, where they were sheltered at last from the driving storm.

Very soon they were startled by hearing the sound of a carriage approach, and a couple of young collegians, who had been out for a bath, came rushing in, in pure nature-like style, clothing, which, alas! was the first move from the storm-caught belles had taken refuge. Here was another dilemma, but the clothes were thrown down to the young boatmen, who soon after made their appearance, and explanations ensued, which were accompanied by sandwiches and liquid refreshments which were carried along by the Washington party. After a while the storm subsided, followed by one of the reverend fathers, who had come down from the college, and those were successful after some time by two young gentlemen who came bearing bundles of blankets, waterproofs and rubber coats, with which the party made themselves quite comfortable, assisted by the rest of the "ha-ah" and sandwiches, until, at a late hour, they were decided to return to the Anacostia boat-house, and reached home only long past midnight.

HIS LIFE FOR HERS.

He had a face of satyr like aglimse, a form of the most misshaped mould; his hair fell in tangled elf-locks upon one of the largest known humps that ever sat between the shoulders of a man. Everywhere women grew pale at sight of him, and little children fled away in terror at his approach. Nobody seemed to notice that he had a shapely hand and beautiful, kindly eyes, blue as gentians in autumn hedgerows.

He knew all the hardships all the vicissitudes of a wanderer's life; knew what it was to go hungry through the days and homeless through the nights, to eat the grudgingly given crust, and find it sweet.

Occasionally he was fed and permitted to rest awhile in some farm-house porch or kitchen; now and then he got a day's work in some meadow or potato field; but invariably when night came he was sent again upon his weary way, and what hurt him most was the thought that no man regarded him without distrust, no woman without fear.

His name was Martin Carruth; he had wandered about the country in this miserable fashion since early May, and now the year was well advanced in the sultry heats of summer.

He had sought employment diligently, but without avail. Every man's hand seemed against him—nearly ever man's door was closed in his face.

His body was worn thin with hunger, his feet, well nigh shoeless, were bruised and sore. He had known poverty all his days, but never had he utterly lost heart and hope until now.

Still he would not turn back to the great city from whence he came.

"What! exclaimed Farmer Lynne, "in the teeth of all this storm, upon a silly errand like that, and only to get laughed at for your pains? No, no! tie to bed. I'll bring Reenie home in the mornin', if I have to break down the road for it. Reenie, my lass! It's mighty kind o' lonesome here without the gal, and I don't know how on earth we'll ever be able to let that Bob St. John have her for a life-time."

Up in his little chamber, under the eaves, Martin Carruth fancied that he heard the voice of Reenie Lynne, continually wailing in the long, lamentable blasts without; that he saw her white face pressed at his lattice-pane.

What might crept on apace; the fury of the storm increased, but after a little Martin Carruth know nothing of this.

The balmy breath of summer played around his head, the sweet scents of the meads and the tuneful songs of birds were in his ears, green hills and flower-strewn fields, and soft, blue skies were before his vision; all these for a brief time, and then came utter darkness, oblivion, death.

The morning dawned, the storm cleared, the sun arose, and a man going to look after some cows found the wanderer in the field footed two human forms lying motionless in the snow.

From one the soul had fled; the calm face was upturned, with the light of Heaven frozen thereon; the other was that of a girl, young, scant, and with warm, winter wraps beneath, was breathing still—still had a frail hold on life, that but for a noble sacrifice had gone out hours since in the storm and dark-ness of the night.

They were carried back to the Lynne farm, both living maid and dead here. The one was put reverently away beneath the green white March sod, there to lay for many days in the border-land between this world and the next, but when the fever engendered by that night of horror had burned itself out, Reenie Lynne came down swiftly back to health, and in the beautiful month of rose went to the altar with Robert St. John, a happy bride surely, but in her heart the sad-dened memory of one had been only a wanderer—the tender regret for a loyal life lost to save her own.

HOW A TRADE SECRET WAS STOLEN.

The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained, and then made public appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between iron and steel, as everybody knows, is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by heating the iron for a certain time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. The steel thus formed is crystalline. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface than the centre. It is therefore not uniform, and therefore cannot be made out of it. For many purposes it will answer, but where accuracy is required it will not do. Hence the great demand for cast steel there was nothing better.

In 1760 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch springs in use, and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous.

"If," thought he, "I can make a piece of steel and cut it into a bar, the composition should be the same throughout."

He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's ingots for fine work were in universal demand. He did not call them cast steel. That name was given to it when a huge manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means which ingenious and faithful men hired, the work divided and subdivided, large wages paid and stringent oaths taken. But all in vain. The ambition of cast steel there was nothing better.

In 1790

THRIDS.

BY J. L. S.

She lives in the smoky city,
Low down by the railway line,
But she asks me for no man's pity,
Nor cares for verse of mine.

She's moving hither and thither,
And offers her work in vain;
But sometimes in fine weather,
She rests a bit in the yard.

With the empty pail behind her,
She leans her arm on the wall,
And hopes that there be If God has,
Her lover, re-strong and tall.

Up in the air above her,
The great trains outward go;
And right across the land her lover
May journey to Jericho.

But when he stoops from his doorway,
And leans his arm on the wall,
The world would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "Winnie's Trial," "Strong from the Grave," "Husband of Black," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXI.
THE ESCAPE.

For a moment even York seemed to turn pale, and Castleton Vane thought that his boldness was indeed about to end in a mere nothing—many minutes more than he could have exactly desired, but the first outburst of their rage had yested itself in terrible maledictions alone.

The negro, however, endowed with more marvelous presence of mind, and leaning towards Vane, whispered hurriedly:

"Say you was talking about Tahoe's squaw."

At the same instant they were both seized and taken off to different parts of the ground. Here York was questioned by the savages who did not understand English, and Vane by those who could understand, and their separate testimony agreeing, they were brought back—the negro being allowed to resume his accustomed place, and Castleton being secured as hereinbefore by the side of his friend Perry. The latter noticed with intense anxiety that the Indians seemed much sobered by the recent little incident, and sat around conversing for some time after he had tied the last lariat to his stake.

Finally, however, they dropped off one by one, until only two or three were left bending over the fire.

He had learned by this to understand them when they spoke far better than they had imagined, and he now bent his ear attentively to catch the purport of their remarks.

"Why you like Wanippe, Tahoe's squaw, take her choice?" said Mad Charley to Wassamato, "she might prefer the older man, and he git along—he sharp?"

"He too sharp," replied Wossamato, savagely. "He knows our ways. He knows our language. He get away. No, the pale face from the other land will be best. He live and die amongst the Yampicas."

"And the other must die?"

"Must die."

He barn or tomahawk?"

"Barn."

Vane lay listening, with a heart palpitating so violently that it seemed to him it must burst, fearing to move one inch lest the ringing of his fetters should attract the ear of the wide awe hearing them. In the meantime, Perry lay at a short distance, having dropped into a momentary doze, and being utterly unconscious of the terrible conversation which the consideration of the wildest nature had seized upon him. If ever an escape should be tried now, indeed, was the time, and yet fettered as he was it was impossible even for him to make the attempt.

One by one the watchers had dropped to the earth overcome with drunkenness and exhaustion, with the single exception of Mad Charley, who sat smoking his pipe as though he had all the eyes of Arcas, and could keep two of them on guard for time immemorial.

Castleton, as may be supposed, was wrought up to the highest pitch of nervousness, wondering as it seemed if the other would never grow listless or instinctive. At last a slow rain began to patter through upon the trees, and finally upon the leaves and blankets which the sleepers had drawn over them. Mad Charley stood this abstinately for a time, when seeming to think that it might get the better of him, he got up, and going to the foot of a tree a few yards removed, sat down immediately at its base and leaned against it.

His face was partially averted but after some time Vane, who had no thought of closing his own eyes, began to imagine from the motions of the Indian's body that he had fallen into a light doze.

As the young man lay peering through the darkness of the night in anxious uncertainty, he gave a quick start, imagining that some reptile was near him, and had crawled over his hand. The sprinkling rain gave at the same time a ringing briskly, at which Mad Charley sprang up and advanced several paces towards him in a threatening attitude; but Vane had dived his head in the leaves, as if for shelter, and the Indian believing the move to have been made for this cause, gazed intently at him for a moment and then turned back and resumed his former position. Vane could hear no one near enough to examine Vane's bonds all hope might indeed have been over, not only for the present but forever.

There was again a short space of profound stillness, and Castleton, whose ears were on the qui vive, heard a rustling among the leaves at his side that set his blood tingling; but while he was thus troubled with apprehension a low voice accosted him:

"Don't be afeard, massa, it ain't nobody but me."

"Is it you, York?" he asked, under his breath.

"Ye-es."

"All hope is over?"

"No, sar. We try it to-night."

Castleton waited a moment to be sure that they were not heard. "I fear it is impossible. The woods are inky in blackness, and they would catch us by sunrise if we got away to-night."

"You look to me. I hain't been wo' Injuns all this time for nothin'. I know a dodge or two o' 'bouts. Let git outside of this camp ground, and they'll nebber ketch us."

"But the getting away, York. Mad Charley is as wakeful as vengeance."

"He sleep after awhile. De rain make him drowsy."

"Where is Perry?"

"He sleep sher here?"

"I am afraid we might as well submit to our fate," whispered Castleton, rather to himself than to his humble companion. "I see no possible chance of escape."

"Wait and watch."

"But these infernal bells will alarm the whole band if I do bet move."

"I manage dat, if we can only get rid of dat yonder coward Injin's eyes."

This seemed indeed a graver consideration than they could have reasonably counted on, for Mad Charley still showed unmistakable symptoms of being on the alert, and presently arose and removed the fire, turning his eyes before he resumed his seat to take in a survey of the captives.

Castleton gave so weary a sigh at this that the poor negro again gave him an admonitory touch. If they were to move at all, it could only be done after they had allayed the suspicions of the Indians.

Pitty-pat, pitty-pat, came the rain on the leaves, with a sound that might drown any other disturbance and might be well calculated to set as a lullaby upon those who were shielded, in a great measure, from the disagreeable pelting. Yet Mad Charley sat bolt upright, with his back against the tree, and gazed into the vacancy beyond him, as though his present wakeful position at midnight were the summum bonum of savage felicity. Still Vane lay torturing himself in the same uncomfortable position, fearing to move lest the agitation of his bell should call for fresh vigilance from the relentless guard. Moment after moment went by, and still there was no change, no sound, save the pelting of the rain.

Castleton's poison were throbbing almost to madness, until the inaction about him seemed more horrible than dead death.

"York, are you asleep?"

"No, massa."

"We may as well give up now."

"No, sar: we must try it."

"But how! Mad Charley is still wake."

"I know. He must die!"

"Die!" repeated Vane incredulously under his breath.

"Yes, sar."

Poor York, do you think that a thunder bolt will come to our aid?"

"I no trust that, Massa. I kill him!"

"You!"

"Yes!"

Again Vane could almost hear the beating of his own heart, and for some moments he feared to trust himself to speak; but his eager interest soon got the better of him.

"You will lose your life, my poor friend! Better leave me to my fate, and go. Do you know," with a sigh, "that my life henceforth will have anything attractive enough to induce any great eagerness to protract it."

"But life is sweet, massa; and we'll go away and lib together."

"What would he do? How would he attempt to accomplish it?" were the thoughts that thronged tumultuously through Castleton's brain; when the negro spoke again:

"You look sharp, sar. I'm a'gwine to cut your body, and tie it round dis stob I done driv in de ground at your side. I can do it bodest make it de old witch ting, or if it do, he'll think it be de wind. Den you lie still a couple o' minutes if he don't come dis way."

"But suppose he should come up and see you?"

"Den you spring up when you see him a comin', and dodge him into de wood. It so dark he neibber see you to-night."

"But you?"

"Bless you, massa, I doesn't mind dyin', when there's any good to come o' it. I ain't got no mother to wait for me; no 'oman to look arter. And sure care if I was dead! I'm 'fore dead! and the worms and the crawlin' things 'ud be glad moonstrous glad. They'd make a jolly dinner on me."

"Oh! how many desolate lives either of one's own making or of another's are there in this old world of ours! We lie upon our beds of down, and think ours are the only pillows of sorrow. Do we remember the aching heads that find no softer resting place than boards, or their mother earth! the aching hearts that beat on in their lowly sphere, or if escaping actual pain, are without the throb of joy! God pity the desolate waifs.

"Hold!" whispered Vane, "You shall not sacrifice your life in an effort to serve me. You must go with me, side by side, or I shall not attempt to escape. I will not be the means of henceforth shall be as well cared for as mine, that you have saved. I could never be such a craven as to leave you behind us."

"Only be still, massa. I've got a tomahawk."

"These were ominous words, but Vane understood their import and lay profoundly still.

For a few moments he felt that the cord about his body was relaxed and he was for the time being at least physically free, but he dared not move.

"Now I wake Perry. He must make no noise."

Castleton could now turn over, as the end of his rope was secured to a stake, and he looked on with dilated eyes, and breathless interest.

York advanced cautiously to the side of the sleeping man, and cutting his rope in a similar manner secured it noiselessly to a tree just at hand. When he turned and passed his arms over his prostrate companion's form Perry opened his eyes wonderingly, and made an effort to spring up, but strong arms detained him while a voice he recognized, whispered hurriedly:

"If you love life, be still. I've cut yer rope and I'm a-goine to save yer. Don't move till Mr. Vane bids yer to rise."

There was another pause of a few seconds, and the negro appeared to be still as death. Then the negro began to crawl away, and both Perry and Vane lay staring after him, like men in a bewildered dream. They could distinctly see that he was creeping on all fours, until he had arrived within a few yards of the tree behind which Mad Charley sat staring vacantly into the smouldering fire, when he rose to his feet like an apparition, and was seen creeping on tiptoe towards the tree with no more distinct sound than the falling rain was making.

A moment more and he stood beside the forest oak, when swift as lightning a tomahawk gleamed in the negro's uplifted hands, and the next instant it had descended with a heavy thudding sound cleaving the skull of the Indian who fell without a groan to the earth.

Simultaneously Perry and Castleton were on their feet, and in another second of time had reached the negro's side.

"Come," said York softly. "He be sleepin' wid de most sound. As it's only an hour or so to-day. We must make good use ob de time, for dey'll be up an' on our track worse nor any blood hounds. It'll be by de skin of de teeth if we are saved."

And the three plunged headlong into the blackness of the woods.

CHAPTER XXXII.
AN UNEXPECTED ALARM.

Bill Whitfield advanced with an awkward air, and extended his arm to Iola's mother, who would terrible have mistaken for a holder of Mr. F's aunt, and started with her towards the dining room, while Miles Gay drew near to the girl, and offered to escort her to the same place.

Iola took the arm of the latter without hesitation, and followed after the other couple, who had looked back only once to see that they were coming.

As they were crossing the corridor she looked up eagerly into the face of her escort—

"Is there any hope?"

For answer, he slipped a bit of paper between her fingers.

"Read that as soon after supper as you can," he whispered; "all is not yet lost, I trust."

She complied with the words without understanding their import, for her brain was in a complete whirl, and the next instant she found herself seated at the table, in the midst of half a score or more of men, who were staring rudely at her.

With her heart beating so violently, it was almost impossible for her to swallow a mouthful of the viands set before her; but she wisely considered it best for the present at least to assume an appearance of submission, and so she sat toying nervously with her knife and fork, while the remainder of the company, her mother included, ate with seemingly intense relish, and talked to each other at intervals. Miles Gay kept his seat at her side, and spoke but little, save when extending to her the necessary courtesies of the occasion.

Mrs. Dare alone chatted away to her perspective son-in-law like a magpie, while the son-in-law himself sat with a half mooly frown, answering only in monosyllables.

At length, as it appeared to the relief of all parties, the supper was over, and the company arose. Iola took the arm of her companion again, and her mother preceding her, they passed out in the same manner as they had entered.

They had barely reached the parlor which they had quitted for the tea room when some one beckoned to Whitfield at the door; and before going he turned to Iola.

"I shall return in a few moments, and I hope then to prove to you that I am disposed to listen to anything reasonable to favor you, you shall arrange matters in your own way."

Iola bowed stiffly, without other reply, and he turned away, followed by Miles Gay, whom he had requested to attend him.

No sooner had they disappeared through the doorway than she flew across the room to where a lamp was burning, and hastened to unfold the slip of paper which Miles Gay had given her.

This was all she read:

"In heaven's name appear to be subdued, as far as may seem consistent to Whitfield's demands. He will insist upon your accepting his hand. Temporary betrayal—which is to make you his wife beyond the power to recall. There every delay that is possible in the way, while preparations for your escape are made. Do not announce your intention of refusing to submit, or you may exasperate him into hastening matters, when all will be lost. If you can gain a delay of one day, you will be saved. Be thresholds, you may—I am sure you will be rescued. Take the advice of one who would serve you, when every hope for her own life was at stake. It is the only counsel left for you."

She had only time to read it through, when approaching footsteps warned her to desist, and she thrust the paper into her bosom just as the door opened to admit her respective lord.

He walked up to Iola's side and held out his hand to her, but it was not, she waived him scornfully away.

"You will not sit," he said, "well, so be it. I have been in the saddle all day and do not object to standing a while. We can make our little arrangements here."

"I thought they were all made without me," she said with a pout of her pretty lips, turning away and taking a chair.

"So, ho! There's where it hurts, is it?" he said with a gruff laugh, drawing up another seat so close to her's that she felt strongly inclined to spring into the fire. "I've only want to have it all your own way, do you?"

"Yes."

"Then how would you fix it?"

"I warn you beforehand that I would sooner see you dead, or die myself, than to be forced into this hateful marriage."

"And as I have said before," he answered evenly, "I am willing to trust to winning proper love afterwards."

"Then you are bent upon carrying out this iniquity to-day?"

"With your consent; yes."

"Or without my consent?"

"I am afraid I must still be ungallant enough to say 'yes.'"

"In spite of my renewed asseverations that I despise you?"

"Yes."

"Then the consequences be on your own head," she exclaimed bitterly. "For as God is my judge, though we had lived together a score of years I should never regard myself as your wife, and should escape from you the first moment that it was possible, though it should be to perish alone in the woods out there."

"Pshaw! as I have told you, it will be the story of the Sabine woman and the Romans over again. Your friends could not force you ever again.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands at the mere idea. "What am I to do?"

"Come!" said Whitfield sternly. "I was in hopes you were going to take it all that, especially as it must avail you nothing."

"Iola, Iola," cried her mother warningly. "Mother" said the girl bitterly. "I have promised you that if my entreaties could avail nothing I would yield to this abomination, and I will keep my word; but I shall repeat to him every hour that I loathe him above all created things."

"Don't believe her, William," pleaded poor Mrs. Dare in a supplicating tone. "She loves you, or she will learn to love you, believe me."

"Her love or force are to me to the same end, girl, proudly. "I may be his wife in name, but in nothing else. And now," she added turning to him haughtily, "in what manner is this iniquity to be consummated? I do not wish to knowledge the right of any magistrate to perform so holy a ceremony as marriage ought to be. I suppose I shall be married this time in a manner that will be binding for life. It will cost me to free my mother from her cruel, murderous imprisonment; but sir, it must be done by one of God's servants, though every impulse in me will mock at the obligations I am about to take, and conscientious scruples shall be satisfied even in that respect," answered the robber, with a malignant twinkle. "I was called out to welcome a priest who has but this moment arrived from the borders of Mexico."

He noticed that Iola turned deadly pale: but a moment more, and she had turned her eyes resolutely upon him.

"Her will I know, but that this is some new form of falsehood?" she asked. "A priest of your own making, got up from your midst, for his bogus work on this occasion?"

"Pshaw!" he answered sternly and with a show of reason that was not to be controverted. "My object would be entirely frustrated in trusting to a marriage whose legality could not be proved at any time. I love you, and I do not wish to be deprived of your company, and I want your money."

"But the money is to be Malvern Cushing's!" she urged.

"He has agreed to settle a third of it on me," answered the robber with a frown, "but he is not sharp enough to defraud Bill Whitfield when he knows how to take this light silk serve. Mercies! how careless you must have been. It is only a crumple."

She laid the dress on the bed and commenced smoothing it out with her hands Presently she spoke again.

"Will you put it on now, my love?"

Iola looked at her watch, and saw, to her consternation, that it wanted but five minutes to nine, and she started up with a cry of alarm. She had heard nothing from Miles Gay, and then appeared to be no hope.

"I beg your pardon, coming, Iola," said her mother, in a trembling tone, "let me change your dress."

"Never!" exclaimed the girl emphatically. "If it be to bring me to the price of your liberty. He must take me as I am."

"What! no flowers in your hair?" pleaded her mother drivelingly, as there came a rap at the door.

"No flowers," she answered with intense bitterness. "Let them bring me a crown of cypress, and I will wear it."

The knock at the door was repeated, but Iola did not stir. Mrs. Dare, however, arose and opened it.

The hateful face of the attendant Jane appeared.

"Ladies, I am requested to ask if you are ready? The priest is waiting."

Iola did not reply, and Mrs. Dare acting as spokesman returned:

"She is a little frightened, Jane: that's all and she has not yet changed her dress. I think she will do so in a few moments."

The attendant withdrew without further comment, and her footsteps were immediately heard descending the stairway.

"Iola," said her mother again, "Will you not slip on this pretty dress to please me? William may be angry."

"Mother, in this I must have my way. I will not change my dress or add one pin as an ornament."

The two women now stood with their faces averted from each other, nor did they speak again.

Iola might have been seen to shiver, as a heavy foot was heard on the stairway, but she did not change her position, even when the door had opened again and William Whitfield came in.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with a sharp intonation of anger, "cousin and bride elect, I had expected to find you, from the time you have taken, decked out in garments fleecy as the clouds, with a mist of veil to hide your blushes; yet you stand, still as when you left me."

"I had no intention," she answered quietly.

"Well! well!" he replied, "it matters little. It might have been more gratifying to my pride, but they all think you a beautiful woman as you are, and I shall be content to take you as indeed you must be with me as my wife. I will look at you, that "Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most."

There was a wonderful combination of indignation, loathing and contempt, in the glance which she turned upon him.

"I would not hurry you, but it is a quarter past the hour. Are you ready?"

She could never hope for any interference here.

"I am as ready as I shall ever be," she answered, and as he offered her his arm she waived him aside. "I prefer to walk alone. Take charge of my mother, whose mind you have blighted, and whose life you have already ruined."

"Don't mind her," said poor Mrs. Dare, patting him on the arm. "She'll talk differently after a little while. She may have been a little in love with some fellow she has left behind her. You know."

Bill turned towards Iola with a wolfish grin, but made no reply, and, as it seemed, almost without volition, she began to follow them down the corridor, her head held proudly and erect, and her strength even in this short space, and was less hesitating than before. As they reached the hall of the lower floor, the parlor door was thrown open, and the three ill-assorted individuals entered the room.

Bill Whitfield indeed shone conspicuously in his true light, with lust and triumph flashing from his coarse, repulsive, dark eyes. He now walked in with the visible expression of a proud woman forced against every protest she can make into some shameful action.

The room was already occupied by the man who had stepped with her on the hall outside had been by the few retainers of the house hold.

Iola glanced around and her heart rose up in her throat in terrible apprehension. Miles Gay glided in but he did not once glance toward her.

"Whose is Father Chisholm," said Whitfield, sternly, to one of the men.

"He waits to speak with you a moment in the captain's private council room," was the answer.

Whitfield went out with a muttered oath; and never perhaps was any gathering awaiting a marriage ceremony left in such absolute, gloomy silence. Iola looked from time to time at Miles Gay, but he did not look at her, and the men remain at table, upon which, the cloth had been removed, but which still retained a few wine, or more, if all the guests don't drink the same sort with glasses well rinsed, and then they sitting there in silence, as if the fun was fat. The bottle now goes round, everyone fills his glass as he pleases, and drinks as much or as little as he wishes. Iola is glad of this, because they sit too long at it." Upon at last settling the table, the men range up and again for the air, either in couches to the Ring in Hyde Park or on foot to St James' Opera: and plays are talked, and after-work balls and assemblies. At midnight supper is served. "The companies formed at taverns are the usual." writes the Baron. "At daylight the jolly carousers retire home. Judge, after what I have said, that a young gentleman has not as much to amuse him in London as Paris and Rome. Believe me, that they who say that this city is a wilderness for them only say so to give themselves an air."

RAVAGES OF MICE.

The mischief of the little field-mice is done so very quietly and adroitly that few are ever caught at it, and much of the blame is put on moles, squirrel and woodchucks, that have enough of their own to answer for. The mouse mouse of Europe, which is very like our own, forty or fifty years ago came near causing a famine in parts of England, ruining the crops before they could get fairly started to grow. Almost all young trees in the orchards and woods More than 30,000 of the little rascals were trapped in one month in a single field, and the next year all those killed by animals. About a year ago, too, a similar disaster was threatened in Scotland, the mice literally swarming, and gnawing off the young grass at the root just when it promised best. The only condition for the sheep, and when that was all gone they attacked the garden vegetables. The people lost vast numbers of sheep and lambs from starvation, and thousands of dollars' worth of growing food, but finally, by altogether waging war upon them, the pest was partially killed off. The mice did not in either case come suddenly, but had been increasing steadily for years previous, because the gamekeepers had killed so many of the "vermin" as owls, hawks, weasels, snakes, etc. are wrongly called, which are the natural enemies of the mice and keep the number down. Farmers are slow to learn that it doesn't pay to kill the birds of prey, and the best the boys and girls ought to understand this truth and respect it. In this country the greatest mischief done by the field mice is the gnawing of bark from the fruit trees, so that in some of this latitude it is the most serious difficulty the orchardist has to contend with. Whole rows of young trees in nurseries are destroyed in this way, and of course die, and where apple seeds are planted the mice are often so full of them that they can't run. This mischief is mainly done in the winter, when the trees are packed away from the frost, or if they are growing, the snow makes mice can move about concealed under the snow, and nibble all the bark away up to the surface. Rabbits do not do much of this sort of naughty work for they do a good deal of it on their own account. The gardener has the same trouble often to find, when he uncovers a rare and costly plant in the spring, that the mice have enjoyed all the winter quarters for it, and eaten it up, and have been gnawing to death his choice trees. Millions of dollars, perhaps, would not be too much to say, are lost annually by what this accomplish each year in the United States, and I fear they will become more and more a plague if we continue to kill off the carnivorous beasts, owls, butcher birds and snakes, which are the only enemies the mice have to look after the mice, and protect us against them.

If we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery exhorts not only tears and sighs, but blood. Let us feel that it is folly of the human nature that suffers so sadly and fails so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial may not succumb under temptation is terrible.

ROYALTY WASHING THE FEET OF PAUPERS.

(From the New York Telegram.)

King Alfonso, who recently made the tour of Spain, on his arrival at Seville, signified his desire to conform with the traditional custom on Holy Thursday for kings to wash the feet of twelve aged paupers, and then to attend on them at a sumptuous table laid out at the expense of the Crown. Referring to this fact, a Madrid paper writes: "About two hundred persons alone had been invited in witness this scene in the hall of the ambassadors. The old Moorish Alcazar is very beautiful, and its principal courts have been restored in the style originally designed from the Arabic models. The doors, the ceilings, the pavements, and the light, airy architecture, carry you back to the days of the old conquerors of Andalusia, though modern innovations mar the splendor of every part of the structure. In the Hall of the Ambassadors, with high table had been raised the old seen, and facing it was a platform for Queen Christina and the Infantas. They were appropriately dressed in pale blue silk, with long white lace mantillas. The crowd pressed forward despite the efforts of the halberdiers, and of the servants of the royal household. In that Moorish court were assembled the very elite of Sevillian society, and all the most beautiful women and faces well known in Madrid. The ladies all were in black or white mantilla, and not a bonnet nor hat was to be seen. When the King appeared surrounded by the officers of the household, and by the Gold Key Grandees, a murmur broke out to get a glimpse of the fair occupants of the front rank. By dint of perseverance we secured a corner, and witnessed the whole of the ceremony. After a short prayer said by the Archbishop clad in the vestments of gold and embroidery, His Majesty went through the operation of washing the feet of the twelve paupers, who were seated at the table for the chamberlains and equires. They handed King Alfonso the dishes laden with meat, bread, and fruit, and the young monarch set before his aged subjects with a good humored smile. Several times, indeed, he playfully handed one of the awkward chamberlains nearly upon a plate or dish at the table, which caused a burst of merry and brilliant uniforms. During the whole time the band played selections from the 'Ave Maria' of Gounod and other sacred music. The King of Spain, surrounded by his grandees and officers, and escorted by the halberdiers, closed the courtyard to regain the private procession hard came on, he appeared rather fatigued."

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN IN 1787.

The Baron de Pollnitz thus describes the manner of life of an English fine gentleman in the first half of this last century, whom he describe to be a medium between the two extremes of a scholar and a "Debauchee." He rises late, puts on a frock—a close bodied coat, without cuffs or plaits, and puts on a night sleeve —and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane and walks neatly to the park. "He exchange for men of quality." There he makes certain engagements for the day, and after returning home to dress, assists in some coffee or chocolate house; "for," writes the Baron, "it is a sort of rule with the English to go once a day to the houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers and gather loads of scandal without opening their lips and 'tis very well they are so mute, for if they were as talkative as the people of many other nations, the coffee houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said when there is so many. A chocolate house visited by the Baron de Pollnitz every morning to pass away the time, was invariably crowded. To secure the best places, it was needful to be there the dress of a gentleman. Here dukes and others mixed mingled with the crowd, at which there being a general departure to attend Court, the King's levee and the Queen's apartment, the Baron followed the fine gentlemen to dine, and at an expensive rate; parties at taverns being very fashionable. "At private houses they dine rather at noon and at six or seven; and the men remain at table, upon which, the cloth being removed, they place a bottle of wine, or more, if all the guests don't drink the same sort with glasses well rinsed, and then they sitting there in silence, as if the fun was fat. The bottle now goes round, everyone fills his glass as he pleases, and drinks as much or as little as he wishes. Iola is glad of this, because they sit too long at it." Upon at last settling the table the men range up and again for the air, either in couches to the Ring in Hyde Park or on foot to St James' Opera: and plays are talked, and after-work balls and assemblies. At midnight supper is served. "The companies formed at taverns are the usual." writes the Baron. "At daylight the jolly carousers retire home. Judge, after what I have said, that a young gentleman has not as much to amuse him in London as at Paris and Rome. Believe me, that they who say that this city is a wilderness for them only say so to give themselves an air."

SAYAGES OF MICE.

The mischief of the little field-mice is done so very quietly and adroitly that few are ever caught at it, and much of the blame is put on moles, squirrel and woodchucks, that have enough of their own to answer for. The mouse mouse of Europe, which is very like our own, forty or fifty years agocame near causing a famine in parts of England, ruining the crops before they could get fairly started to grow. Almost all young trees in the orchards and woods More than 30,000 of the little rascals were trapped in one month in a single field, and the next year all those killed by animals. About a year ago, too, a similar disaster was threatened in Scotland, the mice literally swarming, and gnawing off the young grass at the root just when it promised best. The only condition for the sheep, and when that was all gone they attacked the garden vegetables. The people lost vast numbers of sheep and lambs from starvation, and thousands of dollars' worth of growing food, but finally, by altogether waging war upon them, the pest was partially killed off. The mice did not in either case come suddenly, but had been increasing steadily for years previous, because the gamekeepers had killed so many of the "vermin" as owls, hawks, weasels, snakes, etc. are wrongly called, which are the natural enemies of the mice and keep the number down. Farmers are slow to learn that it doesn't pay to kill the birds of prey, and the best the boys and girls ought to understand this truth and respect it. In this country the greatest mischief done by the field mice is the gnawing of bark from the fruit trees, so that in some of this latitude it is the most serious difficulty the orchardist has to contend with. Whole rows of young trees in nurseries are destroyed in this way, and of course die, and where apple seeds are planted the mice are often so full of them that they can't run. This mischief is mainly done in the winter, when the trees are packed away from the frost, or if they are growing, the snow makes mice can move about concealed under the snow, and nibble all the bark away up to the surface. Rabbits do not do much of this sort of naughty work for they do a good deal of it on their own account. The gardener has the same trouble often to find, when he uncovers a rare and costly plant in the spring, that the mice have enjoyed all the winter quarters for it, and eaten it up, and have been gnawing to death his choice trees. Millions of dollars, perhaps, would not be too much to say, are lost annually by what this accomplish each year in the United States, and I fear they will become more and more a plague if we continue to kill off the carnivorous beasts, owls, butcher birds and snakes, which are the only enemies the mice have to look after the mice, and protect us against them.

If we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery exhorts not only tears and sighs, but blood. Let us feel that it is folly of the human nature that suffers so sadly and fails so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial may not succumb under temptation is terrible.

She Got Rid of the Lightning-Rod Peddlers

We learn of a plucky woman living near Talbot, who has one day last week, when a man and when the Northwestern Lightning Rod men came around she signed an order for a rod to be put up on the main building. When the men had gone she found that she wanted to put a rod on the wing. She did not want a rod there, and told them so, but they still insisted on putting it up, and did put it up. Then they came in and wanted the lady to sign the note for the payment of the whole. She refused to do so, when they began to threaten her, and at last became violent and used force. Then she picked up a stick of wood and hit one of them across the face. The other came to his comrade's assistance, but the courageous woman presented a shot gun, and the fellow left.

It is not possible to be regarded with tender mess but by few. The merit which gives great ness and renown diffuses its influences to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars of which the light reaches us, but not the heat

HERE AND THERE.

—Roll call—the cry of the baker.

—To make light of anything—Set it on fire.

—Love struck—When a man's wife hits him with a club.

—The burglar is particularly a man of exits and entrances.

—The shortest route to the cholera-morbus is by the cucumber line.

—Fishermen generally try to worm into the good graces of the fish.

—It would seem as if the favorite smoking hat should be the "plug."

—Is it a "bench of a log" the cannibals of the Fiji Islands prefer Irishmen.

—The ticking of a watch does not require that it should be a spring-bed.

—There is a turn for the better in head organs—They are becoming fewer.

—It is no wonder used to part as the saw said when it broke its tooth against a nail.

—The mountains won't come to the city so the city is going to the mountains.

—Gail Hamilton milks Jim Blaine does not wear a cabbage leaf in her hat in summer.

—Farmers this year are getting so large a crop of wagons as ever before that's a fact.

—Woman's dress was never more of an impediment to the sex's progress than at present.

—Mr. Gladstone's reason for his journey to Paris is learning French of Mrs. General Gilflory.

—The boy of the period is preparing for the annual sacrifice upon the alter of firecrackerdom.

—The birds seem to refuse to live on the potato bugs on principle, whether they rise early or not.

—A raiser at no time with young men who are just beginning to shave, is the toe of her father's boot.

—Statistics are fifty species of owls in the world without counting young men who don't go home till morning.

—What a world of difference between barstand and a stand bar as there is between a tavern and a Jersey farm.

—Many a man in a penitentiary counts one at the watering place is, for the sleeve to fit tightly round the girl's waist.

—The ice cream saloon season much looked ulster to wrap up that part of the family inthey can't get in the refrigerator.

—The man who invented the ice cream table the greenback and specie of suffering but apparently self-sustaining young men.

—The Rev. Mr. Talmage is a philanthropic and affectionate influence in the thermometer than his brethren of hence proportions.

—Why is a man who is always trying to weigh a pound, but can not conduct himself in a manly manner as to appear to weigh ever a tonic.

—Any man who wishes to make a contribution this year will give thousands a pleasant and instructive opportunity to indulge in their natural vocation.

—The largest hand in New Hampshire belongs to a woman. She has worked on a farm for her of times and her husbands all die of concussion of the brain.

—The latest method to murder is the use of umbrella. It was put on the market solely to kill the umbrella peddlers who were all supposed to pronounce it.

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—A Philadelphia firm has just shipped a lot of bullfrogs to Germany. Frogs talk in Germany as many. A Russian visited by the Baron de Pollnitz every morning to pass away the time, was invariably crowded. To secure the best places, it was needful to be there the dress of a gentleman. Here dukes and others mixed mingled with the crowd, at which there being a general departure to attend Court, the King's levee and the Queen's apartment, the Baron followed the fine gentlemen to dine, and at an expensive rate; parties at taverns being very fashionable. "At private houses they dine rather at noon and at six or seven; and the men remain at table, upon which, the cloth being removed, they place a bottle of wine, or more, if all the guests don't drink the same sort with glasses well rinsed, and then they sitting there in silence, as if the fun was fat. The bottle now goes round, everyone fills his glass as he pleases, and drinks as much or as little as he wishes. Iola is glad of this, because they sit too long at it." Upon at last settling the table the men range up and again for the air, either in couches to the Ring in Hyde Park or on foot to St James' Opera: and plays are talked, and after-work balls and assemblies. At midnight supper is served. "The companies formed at taverns are the usual." writes the Baron. "At daylight the jolly carousers retire home. Judge, after what I have said, that a young gentleman has not as much to amuse him in London as at Paris and Rome. Believe me, that they who say that this city is a wilderness for them only say so to give themselves an air."

—Generally speaking, Ben. Butler's eye is nearly closed, but the imprudent individual who should attempt to entirely close or shut it would certainly have considerable pains for his trouble.

—The Republicans have nominated J. H. Gear for Governor in Iowa. The Democrats only now put up some old war-horse for Governor, the team would run away.

—"What a small and insignificant thing," he said, looking at it the next morning as it lay on the floor, "that could cause me any fright" can change the couch of rest into a bed of thorns."

—There are different ways of getting rid of obnoxious neighbors, but probably giving their dog a bone is the most unique. It may make one stay on the watering places is, for the sleeve to fit tightly round the girl's waist.

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—The schoolmaster is abroad staring about him, in astonished bewilderment, for an answer, but the men had all turned towards the door, each too intent upon his own speculations to be at all conscious of each other.

"It is the captain," they whispered, "and something disastrous must have happened, or he would not have returned in such haste."

(To be continued.)

BOSTON "FLUTE."

From a Boston Letter to the Cincinnati Gazette.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to you how much nonsense there is in some of the pretence of excessive culture in which it is quite the fashion to indulge in, and just how silly it isn't confined to our city of notions.

was in Lering's one day three or four years ago, just when the "Onida fever was at its height, and a knot of literary people were discussing the books and laughing at their sentimental immorality. A young person, evidently from the remote suburbs, entered the store, and after looking at the books and darts approached her with the intention of adding her in the selection of a book.

"Are you looking for any one particular?" "I've not made up my mind. I want something original. I never read books that are read." Standard classical authors are all that I enjoy. I'll look about a little."

So she left Lering to herself, but presently the conversation of the "Onida" disputants commenced to interest her, and she raised her eyes from the book she had selected to a discussion of the "Divina Comedia," which she held in her hand. "Happy is the man, not for the world, she is too amusing," said one.

"But think of the harm her books do."

"I don't believe they do harm. They're too overstrained, any one, even a young person of sense would be struck by their exaggerated absurdity."

"Their tendency is all wrong. I don't believe in but honest reading for the young."

"She is delightfully wicked, but I didn't think she would have any influence. I should be shocked if a daughter of mine ever got hold of her manner of expressing them wasn't ridiculous."

Darte was inconsistently dropped. Classic has no more charm for the intellectual young suburban. She beckoned the young lady at her elbow mysteriously and said in a low, confidential whisper said—"Please give me one of the books you are talking about, the wickedest one there is."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO——

Adieu to thee, daughter of music and mirth,
The play is played out and the curtain is down,
The lights in the hall of the fourth act are dim,
Nothing remains save from day-dazzled eye,
To vanish at eve in some grave green and shady
Like the bee from the flower, like the dew from the lea,
Like a bird long for far singer and distant of the lady
Like the wind from the lyre, like the echo of a sigh,
That whispers of beauty and laughs at its pain,
Like the sunset that gilds the first shrinking of June it
Like the moon that illumines the dark path to the hill,
Like the star that shines through the cloud's misty veil,
Like the smile that is seen through the tear of the eye,
Like a dream of our happiness long—
Like a thought of our hopelessness long.

P. P. Y.

LOVE AND HONOR.

BY D. Y.

It hangs there on the wall, in its brightly burnished wubbard, and tied tightly in its folds, with a knot of faded blue ribbon, is a tiny gold cross.

Underneath the sword are two pictures—pictures of a woman's face. The first is wondrously lovely. The soft, dewy eyes look out from their curling lashes as if they sought the inner depths of your heart; a smile that one ever long any emotion from deepest pathos to sparkling, coquettish gaiety.

The bright hair reproduces the dainty head and dress as the sweet shoulders, and the whole face looks forth from a veil of misty tulle, which she seems to be holding back with one little hand—a fact that reminds one of the Queen's, the beauty is of no rare a type.

Both pictures are of the same woman, but until you have closely studied the outlines you will scarcely credit it.

The second gaze is even more striking than the first. The majestic head is turned almost into profile, and a cobweb lace shawl falls away from the throat and arm, disclosing their great beauty. Her luxuriant hair is braided off the temples, and the whole character of the face is changed.

Cold as marble, save for the lovely lips which even in the picture seem to breathe passionate fondness, and costly jewels lie on the dull neck, and fasten up the yellow hair. The face of a Circe, and one that was as fatal to all who looked upon it with eyes of love.

That been doing that day with Clarence Hervey, in his bachelor apartments, and Kay mond, his most perfectly-trained of servants (who had been with the major this dozen years, had seamlessly-ish as to the enjoyment of one wines and cigars.

Hervey was my best friend of a twenty-odd years, and was one of my deepest regrets in leaving the service, was the necessity of parting from him. My health had given out during the second year of the war, and after nursing in a rebel hospital through a fever, I left for the north Fingers, from whence I had just returned, having, thank heaven, a new lease of strength and life.

Meeting Hervey at the Club, we had adjourned to his rooms and it made the old veil dierly blood tingle in my veins to listen to the stirring incidents of his campaigning life, with which he had been constantly.

Glancing about the rooms, in admiration of their perfect appointments and elegant furniture, my eyes happened to light on the pictures, and the sword hanging above them.

"Which of your various adieus is that, Hervey?" I asked, carelessly, knocking the ashes from my cigar.

"You seem to have some sentimental recollections connected with it, judging from its decorations, and the perpetuity of your two fair friends underneath."

"Don't, for God's sake, Phil, and the major actually winced under my random remark. That sword is none of mine; it belonged to Gordon Grahame."

"Good heavens!" said I, with shocked emphasis, feeling a lump rising in my throat and quick tears in my eyes. You well I remembered the beautiful, boyish face of Grahame, of "Gordy," as he was called in the regiment, and lately adored by his men. I had heard of his melancholy death while I was abroad, and knowing of the deep, fervent attachment existing between Hervey and himself, I could have bitten out my tongue for bringing up his name with a careless jest.

"Yes," the major went on, after a brief pause, "that sword has been in the hands of its friend in many battles. I believe you loved him, Phil; do you care to hear his story?"

"I have been waiting to ask you for particulars," I answered, "but thought you was an awful chook to me, for, as you say, I loved poor Gordon well. Beyond the bare intelligence, I have nothing; but you, of all others, can tell me how he fell?"

A spasm of convulsed pain shot over Hervey's face.

"How he fell!" he echoed. "We do not even know whether he died on the cold blood of treachery. I tell you, Phil, my blood boils when it's a long story. I don't think I could summon heart to tell it to any one but you. Have you looked at those pictures? Do no believe I commenced, for, I know, I believe, and I am sure for that woman's fatal face, Gordon Grahame would be sitting here between us now."

As I moved over to study the pictures, Hervey Schwartz:

"Shall I present you?" he said, bitterly. "That is Valerie L'Estrange as I first saw her. Those pictures do not give you much idea of her beauty, the expression is not perfect. You cannot describe her beauty by any other epithet but glorious. She is that without dispute."

I turned it in hand and gave her the recollection of Gordon's reproachful eyes, I think I should have poured out all my love at her feet then and there.

She showed me a new side of her chameleon character—she was so gentle, so softly winning and tender; and that style of woman, of all others, plays the dewe with a rough soldier boy, and not, Phil?"

As we were coming back to the hotel, she used to end the conversation to her little cross.

"I am so fond of it," she said, raising her lovely arm, and letting the sunlight strike across it, "it was the last thing poor papa ever saw me. I would like to give it to some real, true friend." Ah! do let Valerie have a real friend!" and with that last whisper on her lips, she sprang up the piazza steps, and joined Mrs. Lorimer, leaving my half mad between the conflict of my love and my honor.

That night, Phil, I was accidentally, the conclusion of the scene in which that cross, you, her, played a part. We were all going over to the graduating hop, and the party was so large that it took some time to assemble. It was a very warm night, and after dressing, I lit a cigar and sat on the upper piazza, knowing that I should see them below as they came out of their rooms to go down stairs. As I stood in a distant corner, still off of the moonlight, I saw Gordon come out with Valerie on his arm. She was looking absolutely lovely; and, indeed, I could never, or given them any notice of my presence, I heard Gordon pleading his suit in the softest, tenderest words. He nestled down in his arms, and looked up in his face.

"It is so sweet to be loved," she said, softly. "Ah! my chevalier promise that you will ever remember Valerie then when the fortunes of war carry you from her side."

"My beautiful guiding star!" he said, passionately, "if I only had more to offer you! I have nothing but my love and my sword, my darling—both are claimed by a woman's hands; but I never beheld anything that was an approach to the wreck that Valerie L'Estrange made.

After we had been a fortnight in our new position, Gordon applied to have me colonel for an appointment to go off on secret service. It was hardly a raid, for he took a mere handful of men; but it was an expedition, which, if successful, was of the highest importance, and one that I would willingly have gone on myself. Nevertheless, it was desperately daring, for it would take him far within the enemy's lines, and I felt almost as if I were seeing him go to his death when I bade him good-bye. I shall never forget the hot, feverish hand as he clasped mine, or the convulsive pressure with which he took my dearest one in his arms, and then actually kissed me on the cheek; and I am, I am not ashamed to say that I felt a few hard-wrung tears on his cheek.

Of course, you heard about Phil, how the brave fellow came off, and to his doom. Not a man of his company ever returned to tell us how they fell.

The newspapers flamed with denunciations of such "barbarous proceedings" on the enemy, and dealt in mysterious hints that were agonizing to Gordon's friends. It was a horrible blow to me; and I, as backward friend, had the doom their cruelty to Gordy, and sending them to his heart-broken mother.

But the strangest part of all is yet to come. In the closing campaign of the war, you know Sheridan's fall through the valley of the Shenandoah. Ours' had a mild lunch under our pet commander. During the battle, the colonel sent me with orders to a new regiment far on our left.

I took rather a circuit to get there, and on my way stumbled on a dilapidated hut in the heart of a pine-wood. In front of the shanty stood an extinguished forge, and I halted him, asking the shortest cut. He stood still and stared at me for full a minute, and finally came close to me.

"Am I not one of Major Lincoln's men?" asked he, evidently much afraid to venture the question. In truth, my uniform was rather dubious. I having rolled myself up in a rascally blanket, and covered with dust.

"Yes," said I, impatiently; you have heard any firing off in that direction?"

"No, masse, not since early die morning. But I'a gwine to de 'fo' you scuffle' I said I'd give to the first Lincum nigger. Nobody's come long hyar since."

"My heart leaped up to me throat I thought in-stantly of Gordon Grahame. That I going to solve that dreadful mystery at last!

"For heaven's sake old man," shouted I, shaking him by the shoulder, "speak out. Are you talking like a fool? Is there a white man here?"

"Dunno nodin' 'bout him, mether. A lot of reb dragged a prisoner hyar one night last winter a most dead, all cut up and hacked like. I'd been a-sleep, 'cause de hour, masse, am kind such soft, kinder like eyes, like a girl, and white hands. The niggers caused him awful—but I did what I could for him, masse. And when they was cookin supper, and drinking the attention of physicians were performed by the barbers. In 1163, the Council of Tours forbade the clergy practising. Operations were attended with the effusion of blood, and this greatly increased the practice and profits of the barbers. Even after the 15th century it was generally applied to barbers.

The barbers were incorporated by Edward IV, in 1461, and at that time were the only persons who practiced surgery. The barbers and surgeons were finally, in 1745, united in joint corporations; in France, in the time of Louis XIV, and in England this copartnership has in a state almost to the present day. The London Company have a hall of their own in Monkwell street, which, till 1800, was in the Inigo Jones, and contains a fine portrait of Henry VIII, painted by Hans Holbein.

The sign of the barber was originally that of a striped pole, from which was suspended a basin the fillet round the pole indicating the bandage of the arm to be opened, and the previous to blood-letting, the pole for the patient to grasp, and the basin the vessel for receiving the blood. This sign has generally been retained by modern barbers; but it is only occasionally that the pole is seen now hanging from the door of an old barber's shop.

Even in our generation there have been barbers in England who were also surgeons of note, and to the present day the Spanish "sangrador" cuts your hair and lets your blood indifferently. In Scotland, the barber is the universal gossip, and was the monsters of his unfortunate Queen; Bailie Jarvie, of "Rob Roy," is a fair type of the gossip and anecdote-monger of the Court.

Rathus, a great mechanic, who first applied air as a motive power; and who, in the year 250 B. C., said a hydraulic organ, some 200 years ago, belonged to the craft of barbers.

Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of cotton mill machinery, and Turner the painter; Lord Eldon, Lord Chief Justice of England, and St. Leonards, Chancellor of England, were barbers' sons.

Hence, who is supposed to have written nearly 3,000 years ago, alludes to the use of the razor. This instrument has generally been made of steel, but Cortes found in Mexico razors having razors of obsidian, and the Tahitians use pieces of shell and sharp-edged stones for the same purpose. In China and Japan, razors like the Europeans and Americans, but without handles, are used.

HOW POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY WAS CAPTURED.

Mr. Key is a native of Tennessee; was born in Greene county—the county where Andrew Johnson took up his residence after leaving Greeneville. Mr. Key has been there for years. A friendship sprang up between these men in early life. They both voted together in East Tennessee, but the war divided them from that time forward. Johnson had been a supported Breckenridge for President, but when the secession purpose of that faction became apparent Mr. Johnson took post with the Federal Government. He nearly every city of Tennessee was burned in effect by the Confederates, or left in ashes. The house where Mr. Key was among those who were opposed to it, but yielded to the action of the constituted authorities of the State. He took service as a lieutenant colonel of the Forty-third Tennessee infantry and served throughout the war. The fall of the Confederacy found him among the pine trees of North Carolina, without property, and friends to help him, and not knowing what the policy of the government would be—whether he was to be tried and executed for treason, or pardoned and protected. His former friend, Andrew Johnson, was President of the United States. The nation was passing through the fiery ordeals about hanging traitors and making treason odious. These words had no welcome sound in the ears of Colonel Key as he wandered in the woods of Carolina. But he remembered the friendship which five years of war had obscured, but not destroyed. He had faith to say that it was not wholly extinguished. So he wrote Andrew Johnson a letter, not in extenuation of his "treason," but in terms of sympathy with a truthful pen and seeking advice and instruction. Especially he wish to know if were to be hanged for his treason, and, if so, when; and if the war-worn man was like Job, on the North Carolina pine woods. No pardon was solicited; merely the question was asked. What shall I do? The military pass, on its return trip from Washington, brought a reply: it contained a free pardon for Colonel Key. He has said that his joy at the receipt of it was unbounded. Homeward he went, and in his family. He took down his books, dusty with five years' disuse, and practiced law once more. The war was a thing of the past to him.

"And this was the letter that Valerie, Marquise De Frontignac, read on her bridal eve:

"'My lasting lost love,' it ran, 'it is not given me to express you. But, from my grave, I ask you not to kill the happiness or hearts of other men as you have killed mine. If I have anything to forgive, it is forgiven. Valerie, no other will ever love you as I have done.

GORDON GRAHAME.'"

Hervey and I have never spoken of his story from that day to this, but we know that in our own hearts and souls he sacred. I tell you the incidents as they were told to me—for "such as those have lived and died!"

BARBERS.

The occupation of barber is only known among those nations that have made a certain progress in civilization. It is referred to in the Bible, in Ezekiel, v. 1: "And thou, son of man, take thee a barber's razor, and cause it to pass upon thy beard."

The Romans wore the beard until the 5 th century A. U. C., when Publius Tetinus brought over a colony of barbers from Sicily to exercise their profession on the Roman chins. Their shops soon became the common resort of foreigners and idlers, and every private, until at length they served to furnish proverbs expressive of notoriety. There the gossiping and inquisitive portion of the community sought for favorable opportunities for information respecting affairs of state; there the reports of the night's broil and the last intrigue found incessant employment for the tongue of their attendant slanders, to the remotest corners of the city; and there the secrets of the dolent consumed their time in courtly chit-chat; and there, too, the industrial classes met for recreation, and discussed their several affairs when the hours of toil were over. Even the poorer citizens, according to Horace, sought refuge from their cares in the barber's shop. The barber himself furnished an entertainment for the company in newspaper. He was, indeed, a walking gazette. The shop of the higher class of barbers formed a good epitome of the day's news; and, like the "Rose Dunn" had a mild lunch under our pet commander. During the battle, the colonel sent me with orders to a new regiment far on our left.

I took rather a circuit to get there, and on my way stumbled on a dilapidated hut in the heart of a pine-wood. In front of the shanty stood an extinguished forge, and I halted him, asking the shortest cut. He stood still and stared at me for full a minute, and finally came close to me.

"Am I not one of Major Lincum's men?" asked he, evidently much afraid to venture the question. In truth, my uniform was rather dubious. I having rolled myself up in a rascally blanket, and covered with dust.

"Yes," said I, impatiently; you have heard any firing off in that direction?"

"No, masse, not since early die morning. But I'a gwine to de 'fo' you scuffle' I said I'd give to the first Lincum nigger. Nobody's come long hyar since."

"My heart leaped up to me throat I thought instantly of Gordon Grahame. That I going to solve that dreadful mystery at last!

"For heaven's sake old man," shouted I, shaking him by the shoulder, "speak out. Are you talking like a fool? Is there a white man here?"

"Dunno nodin' 'bout him, mether. A lot of reb dragged a prisoner hyar one night last winter a most dead, all cut up and hacked like. I'd been a-sleep, 'cause de hour, masse, am kind such soft, kinder like eyes, like a girl, and white hands. The niggers caused him awful—but I did what I could for him, masse. And when they was cookin supper, and drinking the attention of physicians were performed by the barbers. In 1163, the Council of Tours forbade the clergy practising. Operations were attended with the effusion of blood, and this greatly increased the practice and profits of the barbers. Even after the 15th century it was generally applied to barbers.

The barbers were incorporated by Edward IV, in 1461, and at that time were the only persons who practiced surgery. The barbers and surgeons were finally, in 1745, united in joint corporations; in France, in the time of Louis XIV, and in England this copartnership has in a state almost to the present day. The London Company have a hall of their own in Monkwell street, which, till 1800, was in the Inigo Jones, and contains a fine portrait of Henry VIII, painted by Hans Holbein.

The sign of the barber was originally that of a striped pole, from which was suspended a basin the fillet round the pole indicating the bandage of the arm to be opened, and the previous to blood-letting, the pole for the patient to grasp, and the basin the vessel for receiving the blood. This sign has generally been retained by modern barbers; but it is only occasionally that the pole is seen now hanging from the door of an old barber's shop.

Even in our generation there have been barbers in England who were also surgeons of note, and to the present day the Spanish "sangrador" cuts your hair and lets your blood indifferently. In Scotland, the barber is the universal gossip, and was the monsters of his unfortunate Queen; Bailie Jarvie, of "Rob Roy," is a fair type of the gossip and anecdote-monger of the Court.

Rathus, a great mechanic, who first applied air as a motive power; and who, in the year 250 B. C., said a hydraulic organ, some 200 years ago, belonged to the craft of barbers.

Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of cotton mill machinery, and Turner the painter; Lord Eldon, Lord Chief Justice of England, and St. Leonards, Chancellor of England, were barbers' sons.

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LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, June 30.—Temple Court at a lively rate henceforth. It seems but yesterday when this place was deserted, lonely and forlorn, and the only interesting correspondent was the journal of the "great numbers here and the season fairly under way." Truthfully now can I say, that that was not said truthfully then. There were only a few early birds here. They were so successful in catching the worm, that everybody wanted to be an early bird after a while Dundreary's saying became true, for the early birds gathered no moss. But all kept coming down and soon there was a stir. It's not to be wondered at then that the consequence is a crowd. It seems scarcely credible that so much change could take place in a week. Less than a week ago there were not two hotels open on the Beach. To-day they are not only open but are crowded.

There's a certain class of men in every community who never express surprise—when they benefit by the change. I mean the hotel proprietors. But they can't conceal themselves now, or restrain their wonderment at the early season. You can't persuade them that this is the most delightful season. Just now it is it is necessary to select only the best hotels. Some of the second class are filling up, but the first are the first to be filled.

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IN A JAPANESE PRISON.

The prison at Nagata is situated on an oblong piece of ground not far from the Kenchoe. It is surrounded by a wooden fence 10 feet high. There is no principal building, but the ground is occupied by several detached buildings. On entering, there is a long, substantially built shed, which serves as a workshop for the men. A shed with the ordinary treading beams for pounding rice. The working hours begin in the morning, and it continues until noon, each man having to perform a certain amount of work in that time—a measure being the amount of rice contained in the wooden trough into which the head of the beam falls. In the afternoon the prisoners are employed as they like, but the owners are expected to finish off another measure of rice, thus completing three measures in the day's work. Opposite to the long shed is a row of straw sacks ready for storing away.

Behind the shed is a good sized room, containing several large ovens, fitted with iron pots in which the prisoners' food is cooked. In a room behind this the prisoners are employed in making the coarse paper which is used in the manufacture of "karakami," some being employed in separating the fibre of the bark of the plant, and the others doing more advanced work. In the other compartments there are prisoners busily engaged in the sewing, and from all accounts, their work is very good. In another room the prisoners are employed in straw work. The prisoners are not forced to wear the ordinary prison dress, but are allowed to go to work in the shirts of the town, or in any public place, where they must wear a brown dress, and each one is provided with a mat. They are also given back on his return. There is no guard or watch-key over them, and it is said they rarely try to escape from the prison. The object of this, of course, it is only those whose offences are of a slight character who are allowed to go out and in.

The execution ground is a small place, consisting of a square enclosed by a fence in the yard, surrounded by a high palling. At one end of this square plot stands a gallows, and at the back of which there is a small shed for reception of the body.

The sick ward or hospital attached to the prison stands in the midst of the other buildings, and differs very little from them, except that it is rather more carefully built. In each of the two compartments they are usually twenty-four beds, and there is a daily average of from 30 to 40 in the hut. There are many female patients, in which case they are confined in one room women have no special ward allotted to them. The cooking for the prison walls there is usually a shed built for the accommodation of indigent people who are unable to find means of sustaining themselves and their families.

Courting by Telegraph.

One of the passengers on the Dakota, says an Oregon paper, met Mr. Hill on board, and accompanied him a wife. Mr. Harmon, shortly after the death of his first wife, informed his family of his determination to marry again. Knowing of a lady in Maine (whom however, he had never seen) who possessed qualifications he heard desirable, at once opened correspondence with her by telegraph, which, after several months, resulted in the "happy consummation" of the meaning of the day for their marriage. Packing his valise, Mr. Harmon started for the residence of the lady. Arrangements were made all the way. On the 7th of April they were married, and to-day they are on their bridal tour, after an absence of thirty-three days. In that time he traveled 4,000 miles, met his prospective wife for the first time, married her, and has been to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and San Francisco, both of which places they made short stays. She is a fine-looking, sensible woman, who will make him a good wife.

We gain nothing by being with such as we can instruct. We encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself.

CAPE MAY.

CAPE MAY CITY, June 30.

The summer solstice found Cape May with all its accustomed fervor, and the time for the annual begins from the cities having at last arrived, this summer-ing promises to be one of unusual prosperity. Preparations for the crowds of comfort-seekers, society leaders and butterflies of fashion began earlier rather than usual this year, but the excellent that have been made to render the stay of the coming guest a pleasant one, have not been misapplied. Not that there is any great desire to boom the business, of course, influenced the summer-like of health and enjoyment hunters, but in another and surprising way, it is believed, some of its wonted heavy proportions and the ball will not be the only one to which the cold shoulder is gone by. It is expected that to-night will witness a marvelous el-sage, and it is quite certain that the Ocean House will be the scene of many improving additions to the present limited coterie of visitors. Passengers now reach the Cape by water on board the steamer Keyport, which makes the last trip to-day.

There are numerous novelties that take the eyes of the frequenter of the cottages that stand upon and create the most favorable impressions. In the first place the cottages look more like those of the plant, and the others doing more advanced work. In the other compartments there are prisoners busily engaged in the sewing, and from all accounts, their work is very good. In another room the prisoners are employed in straw work. The prisoners are not forced to wear the ordinary prison dress, but are allowed to go to work in the shirts of the town, or in any public place, where they must wear a brown dress, and each one is provided with a mat. They are also given back on his return. There is no guard or watch-key over them, and it is said they rarely try to escape from the prison. The object of this, of course, it is only those whose offences are of a slight character who are allowed to go out and in.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

TO KEEP LIME OUT OF HAM'S MOUTH.—A little sage or other herbs scattered among the lime in the act of slaking keeps off lime. The lime is the sum of the matter, and the herbs are the sum of the matter, and little children.

RED HAYSEEDS.—Hens' eggs hatch in from nine-teen to twenty-one days; Turkeys, from twenty-six to twenty-eight; geese, from twenty-five to thirty; guinea fowls, twenty-eight to thirty days; pigeons, from fifteen to eighteen days. Ducks are from 24 to 30 days sooner than these two or three days.

NEW MACHINE FOR PULLING ROOTS.—A new machine for pulling roots is said to be in use in Ohio, and is being manufactured in the East, with which a boy can pull from 5 to 8 acres a day. Less than a week ago there were not two hotels open on the Beach. To-day they are not only open but are crowded.

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HAROLD GREEN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

After this, the boys remained very quiet. The farmer continued angry, and threatened to wreak his vengeance on them yet. And well he might be out of temper, for his melon-patch, which had cost him so much labor, and on which he had expected to realize a good sum of money was almost entirely destroyed.

This same farmer had a fine peach orchard, unless the fruit now began beginning to ripen. He looked with much pride upon it, and promised the best crop in all the country round.

You may be sure, these tempting peaches had not escaped the attention of the vigilant Willard, but prudence dictated that all suspicion should be lulled, before any more midnight excursions were made. The time for examination was approaching, and the boys, with one accord, gave all their thoughts, apparently, to their studies.

Mr. Freeman, pleased with their application, became more confirmed than ever in his belief of their innocence of the farmer's accusation. Even Mr. Powers, who had less confidence in the people, and had been watched for many nights, thereby losing much rest, was satisfied that they were not the culprits, although the ground had been covered with foot-prints which could only have been made by boys.

So a fortnight passed away. The peach orchard was by this time glowing with an abundance of blushing fruit, and the farmer's mind was filled with apprehensions for its safety. Determining to protect it, if possible, he procured a number of steel traps, which he set every night under the trees with his own hands; but in the morning, finding them unsprung, and his fruit undisturbed, he, too, became lax in his watchfulness, although the traps were still kept in order.

Success in evil deeds is apt to create a sensation of safety, and thus it was with our young offenders. Having a meeting was held in a remote corner of the play-ground, and the same boys, knowing that the peaches were now matured, and were soon to be sent to market, agreed to go out again that very night, using the utmost precaution against detection.

Harold's mind was filled with horror at the idea of this foul-handy undertaking, and he positively refused to have anything to do with it. Although the boys called him a sneak and a coward, he resisted all their efforts to drag him again into their toils. He promised secrecy, but told them he had found out at last, that although he had used his best efforts for their future success, he had got nothing but contempt for his pains, and that he had fully resolved for the future to take no part in such proceedings. Amid a shower of epithets and abuse, he turned his back upon his companions and left the play-ground.

* * * * *

Rob Wharton was the youngest pupil at Mr. Freeman's school. He was a bright little fellow, inclined to be a good boy in every particular, but, unfortunately, he was exceedingly fond of his own way. Ben Willard, who tyrannized over him cruelly, forcing the child to obey his will in everything, on pain of receiving a thrashing at his hands.

It happened that Rob was beating a hoop on the play-ground, on the afternoon that the boys had met for the purpose of planning their raid on the peach orchard, and, catching on them, as they stood grouped together, his curiosity was excited, and, stopping to listen, he became master of their secret.

When Willard discovered this, he seized the boy by the hair, and dragged him into their midst.

"What does such a fellow as this deserve?" he cried out, as he gave him a hard kick—"sneaking about to poke his nose into other people's business? I s'pose we might as well give it up now?"

"No! I say," John'Dempsey, "no such thing. Make him go with us, that's the way to serve him now?"

"I'll be blamed, if I don't!" said Willard, as he clapped his hands together. "The young scamp! to steal upon us in this way; and if he ever dares to breathe a word about us to any one, I'll—", and he shook his fist in the boy's face.

Poor little Rob, frightened and trembling at Willard's threats, promised everything they required of him, and was, much to his chagrin, soon numbered among the party, filling up the vacancy caused by the defection of Harold.

Before being dismissed for the night, Harold and Willard happened to stand near each other. When the former whispered:

"I hope you have given up that foolish business! What are you going to do to-night?"

With a sneer on his countenance, Willard, in a mocking voice, replied:

"I am going to bed, I suppose! What are you going to do to-night?"

Again at midnight the boys were on the alert. Rob was Willard's bed-fellow and, when awakened from his slumber, made no outcry and was hard to manage. As such caution was necessary, this alarmed the boys. He was at last silenced by Willard's threats, and got ready to go with the party. They all again ventured out through the same back door and, in a short time, reached their destination.

The night was dark, so dark that Rob, poor little fellow, stumbled many times, and could manage to keep up with his comrades. Tears were in his eyes, and had it not been that he feared the anger of his cousin, he would, in his despair, have thrown himself upon the ground and remained there until by the morning light he could see his way home again.

The branches of the trees, loaded as they were with the delicious fruit, hung very low down, and the boys, after eating what they desired, soon gathered all they could carry away with them. They were just on the point of setting off, when the farmer's dog, lying upon the stillness of the night, and a noise, as of some one in swift motion, sounded in their startled ears.

Quick thought, they were off with the speed of the wind, across the field, straying the way with the stolen fruit as they ran.

The unfortunate Rob had been caught by one foot in one of the farmer's traps. He had afterwards made his way across the field, when, faint from loss of blood caused by a severe cut on his foot, and still encumbered by a bag that he had dragged with him, he fell exhausted to the ground.

Harold had gone to bed, but, harrassed by his fears, he had found about impossible to close his eyes. At length, finding sleep impossible, he had stationed himself by the window. With a heart full of anxiety, he had seen the party set out, and still remained at his post, kept there by a feeling he could not resist.

It was not long before he saw the boys returning in so much confusion that he knew something terrible had happened.

With an exclamation of misery, he awakened Will and begged him to go and see what had befallen the party.

As soon as he could get his clothes on, Will hastened down the stairs, and met the boys coming in. Upon being informed that some mysterious accident had occurred to one of their number, (they could not tell which one, for they had followed the old adage of "every body for himself," and had deserted him) Will hurried to the scene of disaster. Attracted by Rob's groans, he was soon by his side, where he found the farmer trying to remove the trap, but the darkness was so great he could not find the spring, and poor Rob was suffering intense agony.

Will, fortunately, had some matches in his pocket. A light was struck, and the child relieved, but the mischief done was frightful. Rob's foot was terribly mangled, and bleeding profusely, and the child was in a fainting condition. Will procured bandages, by tearing strips from his shirt, with which he bound up the injured foot, and, lifting the boy in his arms, he hurried away, scarce hearing the farmer's kind invitation to carry Rob to his house as the place easiest of access.

Will soon arrived with his burden at the school, and was entering, intending to appraise Mr. Freeman of the unfortunate occurrence, when a candle's gleam revealed to him Mr. Powers standing right before him.

"Caught at last!" said Mr. Powers as he looked with astonishment at Will; "and our champion boy, too?" But he checked himself suddenly, as he saw Rob's pale face and blood-stained clothes.

"What has happened to poor Rob?" he asked, with a voice full of sympathy for the wounded boy. But Will did not stop for an explanation. He kept right on, until he laid the now insensible child in his own bed.

With all speed Will procured a physician, who pronounced the wound a dangerous one, and the child's condition very critical.

For many long weeks, Rob lay on Will's bed before he could be taken home. Under the care and good nursing of his mother he finally recovered his health, but, as amputation had been resorted to, the boy was a cripple for life.

The truth often visited Rob during his illness, and was frequently heard to declare that if all the produce of his farm was stolen, year after year, he would never attempt to defend his property again, especially with traps!

The shock of this terrible affair was so great that it was some days before Mr. Freeman was able to enter into an examination of the pupils with regard to it. Herald, in a manner most commendable, took the whole blame on himself.

"I was the first offender," he said, "and my cowardice brought on all the trouble. Had I come forward at first, and put a stop to the matter, all would have been well!" He asked pardon of Mr. Freeman, and expressed himself willing and anxious to undergo any punishment the master thought proper to inflict upon him.

Ben Willard and John Dempsey threw themselves on their knees at the teacher's feet, begging forgiveness in the most abject manner to the great disgust of the whole school, for these two boys had borne down all opposition in the estimation of all the pupils, and yet they were but arrant cowards after all. They were expelled from the school in disgrace. Mr. Freeman said that if there had been any chance of their amendment he would have retained them, but as he was convinced that they were beyond his control it was better they should return to their own homes.

The master fully forgave all the rest of the offenders when he saw how truly repentant they were, and I am happy to say that they never trespassed on the farmer's property again.

Rob Wharton and Harold were ever after friends than ever. Harold gave up his fancy for popularity, and by Will's advice turned his attention to his improvement—mental, moral and physical—and became the center of all his companions and the love of his teachers.

Bad boys sometimes amend as they become older, but it was not so with the cruel Ben Willard. He became, as he grew to manhood, reckless and dissipated, a disgrace alike to his parents and the community. John Dempsey was wise enough to profit by the lesson taught him at the school and in after years was a useful and intelligent man.

[THE END.]

A King Among Men.

CHAPTER I.

"Pretty! Why, man, it is simply the most exquisite face I ever saw in my life. Eleanor Stanley, did you say her name was?"

Maurice Mortimer's own face, as handsome as a god's, with its blue eyes, its dark golden brown beard, cut pointed, and flowing away from his perfect chin with its heavy drooping moustache, its golden brown hair, half curling over his splendid head—this fair, faultless face of Maurice Mortimer was all alight with enthusiasm as he turned for a second look at the slender young girl who had passed his vision for one second, with veil uplifted, as she stopped for an ardent, admiring glance at a group of statuary in the window of the art dealer's shop, just inside which Maurice Mortimer had been having a chance chat with one of the proprietors.

Old Mr. Hardknott smiled at the young man's unusual interest.

"She is as pretty a little bit of flesh and blood as one would wish to see, and as noble as lives," he said. "I've only known her a short time—known her by sight and reputation, I mean—but all I see and all I hear tends to heighten both admiration and respect. Her story is like a leaf from a romance."

Mr. Mortimer's handsome eyes were all attention.

"You can see at a glance she is a young lady of refinement and culture and breeding—her very walk indicates it; and yet she is very poor, so poor that she has to open a small lodging-house a few months ago to obtain means of support for herself and young brother, an unfortunate little lad—lame or blind, I think—a boy of four or five or so, with a face like one of Guido's angels."

Maurice suddenly straightened from his attitude of lazy, graceful enjoyment of Mr. Hardknott's story.

"Lame or blind—with a face like an angel?"

He repeated the words almost mechanically; then an expression of sudden bewildered surprise overspread his face.

"Yes," answered Mr. Hardknott. "But that is not the crème of the story. It seems that Miss Stanley was born and reared in luxury, and her brother had been loved to spoiling also and little Herbert would be her grandfather's heir—"

Maurice interrupted him.

"Herbert! The boy's name is Herbert, then?"

Mr. Hardknott looked a little surprised at the grave interest that had suddenly taken the place of Mortimer's first curiosity.

"Herbert—and he and Eleanor—she was always called Lenore—would have been the heirs of the magnificent Pendleton estate. Mortimer, you're smitten with her. You actually gave a nervous start then! But, as I was saying, the old gentleman, in a fit of anger because the young lady refused to marry somebody he had set his heart upon, revoked his will, and died very suddenly before he had time to come to his senses, as everybody believes he would have done. But Miss Lenore and little Herbert are beggars, while some far-off relative of old Mr. Pendleton's in the country became heir in consequence of an unfortunate fit of wrath—fortunate enough for him, but certainly by unlucky enough for pretty Miss Lenore. But I see I've made too long a yarn; I've bored you, Mortimer. Afterall, it was only a pretty face that momentarily charmed you."

Maurice arose leisurely.

"No, you haven't bored me at all. Very remarkable little story—very romantic, Hardknott. I suppose you'll send the things I've ordered to-day. I won't keep you any longer."

He strolled deliberately into liegest street, so handsome, so graceful, so completed a man to woo women's hearts—whom no woman had ever yet been able to quicken a heart-beat.

"Eleanor Stanley! So that's all Mr. Pendleton's grandfather's name, and I've heard of Herbert before; but nobody had ever told me when the Pendleton estate came so mysteriously and suddenly so me that I had beggared a girl with the prettiest face, perhaps, I ever set eyes upon. Wouldn't marry a man she didn't love for the immense fortune I feel I have actually stolen from her, and I know she'd marry the man she did love if he hadn't the second cent to his back. Eleanor Stanley—sweet Lenore — what a sweet name — and knows a lodging-house! I'll know where he lives. I'm a bit gone, I believe."

And Mr. Maurice Mortimore bowed and smiled as he promenaded up liegest street, scores of fair-faced women felt their hearts turn towards him in his grand, perfect beauty and manly grace.

CHAPTER II.

A cosy little room, in which seemed centred all the warmth and beauty and freshness of a June day, with one window almost hidden by flowers that grew luxuriously under the watchful care of little Herbert Stanley; vines running in perfect riot of greenness and grandeur, as was wherever the boy's artistic eye had seen fit to them; a gilt wire bird cage, where a gold-throated canary swung contented among the summer-like surroundings, an aquarium where gold fish and curious little sea creatures went darting through forests of ferns, over rocks of coral and beds of shells. A room where there were books and music and games, where love seemed gathered together all that was left of the elegancies of her old life at Pendleton, so that the delicately nurtured boy, who never stirred a step without much painful distress that most of his life had been passed on the bright crimson silk lounge that in winter was drawn up by the fire, that in summer stood in the coolest, shadiest room, so that Herbert, with his fear of a "Guido's angel," and his nature and disposition correspondingly sweet, might suffer as little as possible from the great sudden change in his condition.

But two years had gone by, and, far all his delicate beauty and softness, the boy had never once complained of the great difference, except as it affected Lenore—his darling, his fair Lenore, whom he worshipped as one who deserved.

Very few friends had been sought or accepted by the little ones leaves, yet shrinking people. Mr. Walters, the kind old gentleman who let them the house and lodged with them with old Mrs. Jones, who occupied the second floor and helped her meals in his rooms; good natured, garrulous, devoted Sallie, who was working housekeeper and chief de cuisine, and their using housekeeper, and chief de cuisine, and their only servant cowards after all. They were expelled from the school in disgrace. Mr. Freeman said that if there had been any chance of their amendment he would have retained them, but as he was convinced that they were beyond his control it was better they should return to their own homes.

When their intimacy had been fully established, Herbert took him into their confidence, and told Mr. Rowland all about their change of fortune, and how Lenore's perfect behavior under the circumstances, of her courage and cheerfulness, of the gray-haired old man she refused to even think of for a moment as her lover, of the wish to be independent of any one but her own heir so romantically to the wealth he and Lenore had always been taught to consider as theirs. And Mr. Rowland had listened, and Mr. Rowland's captain's instinct, his natural reward glance of Lenore's eyes, as she sat leaning restfully against the head of Herbert's lounge.

"I think I should pray hourly for some judgment on the usurping fellow's head. Lenore—he had fallen in a way all her friends had of calling her by her sweet Christian name—"Lenore, you must hate that fellow most cordially."

"I wish I could conscientiously say I don't feel hurt, and—well, Mr. Rowland, a little envious, when I think of the dear house at Pendleton, where in all probability he is enjoying himself this minute. But, truly, I don't hate him."

Mr. Rowland looked eagerly at her.

"Such ardent passions seem strangers to your heart, Lenore. Sometimes has told me how you refused your sister's hand, and of course you could not have loved him to have done so."

Lenore's pretty face flushed at the remarks, and Lenore smoothed Herbert's bright hair gently, with her sweet face slightly averted and flushed.

"I did not love him certainly, or—"

She hesitated, charmingly confused, and Ben Rowland's eyes grew more eager.

"Shall I finish for you? You did not love him, or you would not have resigned a fortune for him."

He paused inquiringly, watching the rising excitement in her face.

"Not that, Mr. Rowland. Had I cared, the money would have made the smallest difference whether I liked it or not."

He walked over to the forest of flowers in the great window, then called Herbert, and every pulse in her body bounded under the passion and command of his tone as he spoke—

"Lenore, come here; I want you."

He patted the snowy ruffled window curtains that draped the window from the street, and let them fall, with a full, pure barrier between him and all the world; and then he looked at her, all his soul in his splendid eyes.

"How could I wait another moment, Lenore, Lenore, darling, how I love you! And you will let me you return it. Lenore! Lenore! my beloved!"

It thrilled her from head to foot with such delicious, sweet delight—the low, passionate words, with his eyes riveted on her face, his breath coming quick, irregular, his handsome face splendid with emotion.

Then, always true, always frank, always noble, she lifted her eyes, and their depths were full, smiling, blushing glance that was eloquent with the success of his suit, and Rowland drew her to his heart ever after, she whom a world of money could not buy.

"Lenore!"

She looked up from her sewing into his radiant face.

"Yes?"

He pulled her needle from her hands, laughingly.

"How long have we been engaged. A year or so isn't it?"

"A year! Oh, what makes you so foolish when you know it hasn't been a month?"

"And you've been happy, dear? Perfectly happy in the anticipation of being a poor man's wife?"

A great, solemn tenderness dawned in her eyes.

"Oh, my darling, you never can know how entirely happy you have made me. I would not have it different—nothing better than you, just as you are, my king among men."

He lifted her head, adoring face to his own, paler than Lenore had ever seen it, and radiant with some wonderful pleasure.

"Lenore, I have taken the trouble to think how undeserving I am of such love, but, heaven my helper, you shall never repent giving it to me, my darling. I want to ask you something. How'd you like to go back to Pendleton? Will you go back—with me? Can you believe me, when I tell you I am old Mr. Pendleton's heir—I, Maurice Rowland Mortimer? Lenore, Lenore, it grand, glorious—this beautiful romance of ours? And you and I and Herbert will be so happy, won't we, darling?"

That was Lenore's love story, painted strange, passing sweet, but the beginning of a life so crowned with all that is noble and true and good that three times, even six, after years, a wife and mother, Lenore, with wondering face, and lasted breath, and sweetest eyes, said her heart if it can be true.

And that fond, true heart answers jubilantly, "Yes" and Maurice's ardent eyes echo the glad answer, and her babies' sweet coming lips re-echo it. And again she thinks of him as he has always been to her, A King Among Men.

HOME CULTURE.

III.

We have purchased from its author a book that was prepared as a companion for "The Young Lady's Friend," which gives full information as to many points connected with home training, which we shall make use of in these columns before its publication in book form. The following notice of the book, that appeared in a Philadelphia journal, sets forth its nature, as well as some of the circumstances that led to its compilation. For a compilation it is, from all the best authorities here and in Europe, who have written upon good manners:

SELF-TRAINING. BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

It is announced that a book upon 'good manners,' bearing the above title, is to be issued during the year, as a companion to "The Young Lady's Friend."

Thirty what we have been looking for, as we felt quite sure, after glancing over the excellent instruction in the latter volume, in connection with the events which led to its re-publication, that the author was forced in part for the purpose of preparing the way for a second and more complete manual of deportment. The book, entitled, "Manners by the authoress of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," leads to this conclusion; and every line of the book itself establishes the truth that self-education begins where school education ends; and, that although a parent or teacher may stimulate the mind and mould the manner, each individual must form his or her own character.

That the editress, as has been stated, was prevented by ill-health from revising the volume as thoroughly as she had intended during, is no way destroys the usefulness of the book; nor does it interfere with the end that she desired to accomplish. To those cognizant of all the events in her experience as the authoress of the Lippincott's Magazine, it gave overwhelming testimony against the libels that envy and malice had connected concerning her, having the public notoriety to which she was subjected, she took no notice of her assailants; but, when the storm was at its worst, by, "The Young Lady's Friend," which book continues to be the favorite in her home.

The readers of "Pendennis" will remember that Pen, in criticising Lady Mudfourogh's book, did it in a polite and gentlemanly way, but that Lady M. was startled and laughed at during the operation. No incidents, however, have prevented the author from the same and clear-headed manner in which she has written her previous books. It was not necessary, for it was difficult to say which was the worst, her French or her English and the critic pounced down upon her blunders with delighted mischief. To continue in Thackeray's own words, "Warrington's fallen countenance was puckered up with malignant pleasure as he read the critique. Lady Mudfourogh had not asked him to her parties during the last year. Lord Falconer giggled and laughed; while all the heart of Mudfourogh and he had been rivals ever since they began life."

Here then is the difference between the production of "Lady Mudfourogh" and that of the authoress of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," that the latter paper received the encomiums of the press from Montreal and Quebec to New Orleans, so that the parties who "undistinguished" the author, finding no material in her essay to seize hold of, without acquainting themselves of reading it, did so, interpolating fictitious events in her life, and catering to the amusement of the Westmans and the Fitzboodles of the circle, as well as to the gloating enjoyment of a class that always relishes keenly any attack upon persons of distinction.

When we recall these ultrapositive articles invented for the amusement of the public, and which characterized the persecution that was waged for weeks in our midst against this distinguished lady, we can call to mind no case in the history of journalism was such a gross abuse of the power of the press attempted. For the public outcry will say it be the last time that envious and vindictive persons who have felt themselves unjustly slighted, will have columns after column in respectable journals for the fulminations of their private spite.

So strong was the disgust and indignation felt by the better class of the community, that a dread of a reaction took place between it and those classes, who enjoyed the luxurious sport of dragging a woman before the public, until when the enemies of the offensive glances as well as of the comments of the blackleg and gambler were heard in the street.

"It is only necessary to hear a man express his opinion of the outrage to know to which class of society he belongs," said a gentle man not long since. With this state of feeling, the compiler of Self-Culture need not fear from Philadelphia journals, as criticisms beyond those which are within legitimate bounds, virtuous as concern the subject matter and the style of composition.

We feel confident that our readers will take an interest in this work. Those already acquainted with the author's forms and rules set forth in it, will not object to a review of them, and if there are any among our readers who have hitherto neglected to make themselves acquainted with the conscientious usages, from the mistaken feeling that they are of no importance, they will find their importance set forth in the pages of self-training with convincing earnestness.

"Manners and morals are indissolubly allied, and he who undertakes to discourse of the one, can never," in his own mind, lose sight of the other, says the Right Rev. the Countess of * * * in her book on society.

The Bishop of Manchester also connects manners with morals, when he says: "I wish women to enjoy all the rights that belong to them; but I would remind them of the great maxim, 'Cest la femme, qui fait les mours.' Not only do they form the manners and the morals of children, but when they are grown up it is still women who must purify the moral atmosphere around them."

That noble English woman, Emily Shirreff, who has given all her days of her long life to the education of women, says, "This age in which we live is essentially one of social reform." The higher education of women, of which we hear so much and generally to be misunderstood with the question." "What is the use of it?" she defines in this admirable manner: "It is simply the education that follows that of school. The course of study pursued after the general education of school time are completed; higher education would in its full meaning comprise those as part of the means of that self-culture which begins when children's education is cut off, to end only when the uses of this world have trained the immortal spirit for higher work in some yet unknown region."

An article in the June number of Woman's Words, written by the author of the essay on good breeding that we published last week advocates the better education of women in these words:

"Men lead and women nimbly follow." So long as the young girls and that any effort of their brothers to obtain it is ridiculed, they prefer a superficial education to a thorough one. Here is the root of the matter.

Horace Greely Crosby, speaking of the better education of women says:

"Women have to encounter difficulty than men in mastering linguistic, mathematical, scientific and philosophic traits, and if the opinion is ever to be changed, learned women must made poor wives, it is because, under the pressure of society, hitherto only pushing women could attain these high ends. But let society be such that unsoiled and feminine women can pursue these studies, and get in high studies, and we shall lose this false opinion as of blue stockings. We shall find that the truest examples of domestic happiness are where both husband and wife have reached, by careful study, the higher realms of thought, and have that enlarged view of life and of their common pursuits. We shall find that the color of the mind is not affected by the amount of thorough culture, and that feminine delicacy is but promoted by the sharpening of the perceptive and discriminating faculties."

In these remarks we find the cure for the complaint. Let the education of the girl be just as thorough as that of the boy up to the time of leaving school let the teacher, if not the parent, inspire in her charge an ambition to obtain that degree of proficiency which will enable her to pass the same examination that her brothers would have to pass before applying upon a collegiate course, and the work of making good conversationalists is well begun, if not half done.

The girl who receives such a diploma, may feel no inclination to proceed home the studies that occupy her brothers at college, but she will have laid that solid corner stone of self improvement, that will, sooner or later, be completed in the building up of a worthy character.

If she becomes a wife and mother, she is the companion and counsellor of her husband; the developer of the powers of woman's character committed to her charge. Quaintes says, "Education is a mental railway beginning at birth, and running all through life. The hand on lay it in the right direction but the hand of a mother."

Children are what the mothers are.
No handed father a kindness care
Can fashion so the embryo heart.

says Landor.

Again, women who "suddenly thrown upon their own resources," and who have "single-handed the terrible battle at life," will, if their education has been as thorough as that of the other sex, find their work easier and pleasanter than now in their struggle for bread through competition with men.

If "women's rights" were to take the place that "women's rights" have usurped, what clapping of hands, little girls, encouraged by our would be reformers might be accomplished.

A few lines in reference to the text of this discourse, taking up the relative conversational powers of European and American girls. Foreigners agree in saying that in America middle-class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in study and society, and things appertaining to mental culture, than the commercial class in England; yet the general experience of foreigners is against us, that their conversation as an art, is more cultivated abroad than with us; that the well-bred there do not give their whole time and thought to gossip as here; and that literature, history, politics, and the events seen in as leading topics, in place of the scandal, the back biting, the evil attributed where no evil was meant, the misrepresentations and the intentions that too often form the staple of conversation with us. A solemn responsibility lies in the hands of every woman; and upon her, more espec

FATES.

TO JAMES BUCHER MONTGOMERY.

Ah, what is all words to express living
Or what is all life to express love?
Love is all I want, all I have to give,
All I live for, all I remember and think of,
All I hope for, all I dream of, all I pray for,
All I am, all I ever shall be.
Death knocks not loftier nor humbler, for both it has,
And all it needs from the highest or the lowest
Is the cessation of breath, the stillness of blood.
But love is the core in love, I smell it grow
Through all I think in love, I feel it grow and late,
Filled full of which, no miracle we need.

HER OWN CHOICE.

"Give up waltzing?" said Rosalind Shirley "Not I, indeed! And bid adieu to all my delightful private conversations, when my new dress the 'Lady Tracie' is just finished, and the cards are out for Mrs. St. Aubyn's? Dear me, what does the man take me for?"

Miss Rhea Shirley, the aunt and guardian (nominally speaking, for Rosalind had taken the oath between her own teeth ever since she was ten years old of the young lady, looked grieved and sorry.

"My dear," said she, "you must learn to submit yourself to your husband."

"But he isn't we husband, Aunt Elma!"

"He will be, Rosalind."

"I'm not so certain of that," retorted the girl, with a saucious straightening of the small, slim figure, and an eminent scintillation of the great hazel eyes. "I don't mean to put myself in the power of any masculine tyrant either. I'll have my own way for eighteen years, and I don't propose to give it up now."

Miss Elma burst into weak tears.

"Oh, dear dear!" she faltered, "what is to be the end of all this, Rosalind?"

"A declaration of independence," gaily answered the girl.

"You'll lose the best match of the season," sighed Aunt Elma.

"He is handsome," owned Rosalind, "and he's rich. And he's very nice, too, is Ferdinand Alcott, when he chooses to behave himself. But I'm not going to make a blueboard of himself—"

"And marry Rosalind snapped her pink fingers in the air, a general signal of defiance and independence.

She sat down and wrote a pretty little social ad note to her love.

"DEAR FERDY.—I shall do as I please. Yours disobediently,

"ROSALIND."

Mr. Alcott smiled a little over this cowpound of reject ink and elder of roses.

"She don't mean it," said he to himself.

And so he bought a ticket for Mrs. St. Aubyn's great charity bazaar, the proceeds of which were to go to the "Asylum for Widowed Women," and went thither.

But when he saw his pretty fiancee in pink satin with powdered hair and a huge spangled fan, on the arm of My Lady Tracie, his brows contracted slowly.

"This amounts to open defiance," said he.

And he never even smiled, when Rosalind flashed a coquettish glance at him from behind the sparkling folds of the monster fan.

She flitted up to him when the music stage was removed, and dancing had begun.

"Are you very much aggravated?" said she. "I am deeply annoyed, Rosalind," answered he. "A girl who openly scorns the opinions and ideas of the man who—"

"Awful, isn't it?" interposed Miss Shirley "Berry I can't stay to hear the conclusion of that grand remark. Here comes Bobby Singleton to dance with me."

He bowed and stepped aside. The rider mounted into Rosalind's cheek as she saw the expression of his eyes. For a second she hesitated whether to cry out—

"Forbearance, for you? And in the name of that love, I renounce all that would grieve or annoy your loal heart?"

It was but for a second, however As the band struck up a merry waltzing air from "La Fille du Madame Angot" she put her hand on Mr. Singleton's shoulder and whirled merrily away.

Mr. Alcott looked after her for a minute, and then put on his hat and went home.

When Rosalind came down to breakfast the next morning, a letter lay at the side of her plate. She broke the seal and read it, with a slight derangement of the pink cheeks.

"Just as I expected," said she to Aunt Elma, who was wistfully watching the expression of her face. "I'm a free young woman once more. Mr. Alcott has been so obliging as to give me back my troth!"

"Oh, Rosalind!"

"I am so well," said Rosalind, crumpling up the note, and beginning to pour cream into her coffee cup; "perhaps better. I'm one of the birds that can't endure a cage. I must be a free agent as I should rot my throat"

"Oh, my dear!" sighed Aunt Elma. "And he's so rich."

"The cage would be just as intolerable, aunty, dear, if it was gilded."

"And so are fetters."

"No one is nice who would make a despot of himself. Come, Aunt Elma, give me some muffins, and let's forget this Grand Magni who would put every human soul down to the measure of his own pattern"

"I thought you loved him, my dear."

"So I do—I mean—no I did!" corrected Rosalind, with a little sob. "Aunt Elma, that we've wiped out all that account on our slate, and we're going to begin again."

The next day Rosalind Shirley accepted an invitation from an old schoolmate to spend a month with her in Devonshire, and by the time she returned the wheel of Fate had accomplished a new revolution.

"I last everything!" said Aunt Elma, lifting up both hands, mentally speaking. "At least, everything but that farm in Cambridgeshire. And he brought up as if he owned Aladdin's lamp. Isn't it a blessing, Rosalind, that you broke the engagement when you did?"

"That he broke it, you mean," said Miss Shirley, quietly, "if it is a blessing that we are talking of."

"Of course it is Mr. Alcott," said Aunt Elma with an injured air. "Jenkyns & Co. have failed with all his property in their hands. Dear, dear, what an uncertain world this is, to be sure."

Rosalind went on arranging flowers in a slender-necked Bohemian glass, but her hands trembled, and presently she pushed the glass away.

"I am only spoiling these rosebuds," said she. "I—I think I'll go out into the fresh air a little."

It was a dreary March twilight, with gusty flakes obliging vaguely through the air, and a red-eyed wind sighing. All day long Ferdinand Alcott had been inching at his accounts, and the sum total of his ruin could not be secured from the vanished wealth that had once been his. But all the long columns of figures answered with the same story—he must be content with the portion of the poor man all the rest of his days.

He pushed back his chair, looking sadly into the room. Stop! A voice! Was it his fancy, wandering back into the realm of past and present, or was it in reality the low, sad singing of Rosalind Shirley's accents? He was not long in suspense, for the next instant a tap came to the door, and the farmer's wife presented herself.

"Company for Mr. Alcott," said she. "A lady."

And Rosalind Shirley, in violet cashmere and yellow-gray furs, walked into the room with rosy cold cheeks and laughing lips that belied the sadness in her eyes.

"Ferdinand," she said, "I've been a very naughty girl, and I'll promise never to do so again. Dear Ferdinand, only take me back into your heart, and I'll never waltz again, nor go near a private theatrical !"

He smiled but there was the rigid look of pain still around his lips.

"That is all past, Rosalind," said he, with a sob in his throat. "Heaven knows how dearly I love you, sweetheart, but I am a beggar now, and all must be over between us."

"Must it ?" said Rosalind, sitting down beside his chair; but I say it must not be! Here I am, and here I intend to stay, so you may as well send for a clergyman at once."

"Rosalind !"

But she only answered with tears and sobs.

"My love! my love! let me stay! Don't send me away from you again!"

So it was all arranged and there was a simple wedding from the old farmhouse at the village church.

"Remember love," said Ferdinand Alcott, as they went back to the farm, "you have cast your fate with a poor man."

"It's my own choice," said Rosalind, saucily. "I always did manage to get a notion of having my own way. If you remember Mr. Alcott, you shall write books and paint pictures, and I'll be housekeeper in this delightful old fashioned place."

Then it came to pass that a star vanished out of the world of show and fashion, and peopled their own heads, and talked of how well Rosalind Shirley might have done.

But Mrs. Alcott, living down at her farm, would not have changed her lot with that of a princess.

SOME EDUCATED GHOSTS.

Spirits Returning to Earth to Prove Scientific Theories.

The "Memoires l'Academie des Inscriptions" is not exactly the place in which one would look for ghost stories. It has struck M. Hauteau, however, the well known historian of scholastic tions, that ghosts are by no means things outside the pale of science. He has therefore made and published in the "Memoires" a collection of the bogies that he has met in the manuscript sermons of mediæval divines. The anecdotes cast some light on the workings of the human mind in the Middle Ages; they illustrate the action of the myth making faculty, and incidentally they may amuse the unscientific reader. He adds that the ghosts in the car of the preachers are, as a rule rather edifying than terrible; there is no more "fearful wild fowl" than your ghost and ecclesiastics soon found he might be employed to point a moving moral as well as adorn a tale. The method of using the specter was perfectly simple. After denouncing in his best style some particular vice or fad which the preachers did not deal in generalities the orator would introduce a ghost as an apparition who had revisited the world expressly to announce the sins he had been inclined to. Thus there is a certain humor in the three dead tales, and the ghosts of the pulpit were as like each other as the specters of modern magazine literature. Peasants ready to believe and the same time to mistrust and even curse science was one of the habits and standing contradictions of the Middle Ages; they illustrated